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MAUREEN DHU,

THE ADMIRAL'S DAUGHTER.

A TALE OF THE CLADDAGH.

BY MRS. J. SADLIER.

CHAPTER I.—*Continued.*

Of the Admiral's family it remains only to speak of Maureen. And what shall we say of Maureen? Who that ever saw that flower of Galway maidens would undertake to describe her in words. As well might one think to describe the face of Galway Bay when it mirrors the drifting clouds of heaven. The dark Spanish beauty of Maureen's face had early obtained for her the sobriquet of *Dhu* or *dark*, and this, with her tall slender form, lithe and graceful as the young willow, and agile as a fawn, gave the idea of a gypsey girl—arch, coquettish, and somewhat haughty. Such as nature made her was Maureen Dhu, for art had never done aught to curb her wayward temper, direct her strong, clear mind, or drill her symmetrical form into what is called *grace*. Yet graceful she was in all her motions, and despite the coarse, common garb which from week to week she wore. On Sundays, indeed, when Maureen went up the hill with her grandmother to hear Mass in the convent chapel no one would think of calling her costume unpicturesque. The dress, it is true, was but a gaudy printed calico, or bright-colored stuff, and the head-dress a rich silk handerchief tied loosely under her chin, yet the general effect was that which a painter would have loved, and admirably suited Maureen's wild beauty. It may well be believed that the Admiral's daughter, such as we have described her, exercised fully as much control over the fishermen, at least the young ones, as the Admiral himself. Her smile or her frown—and the latter was dark as the former was bright—had wondrous power over the hearts of men. Even those who were beyond the age of *passional attraction* could seldom resist the "dark witchery" of Maureen's glance. But truth to tell, the girl's influence was generally, we might almost say *always*, of a salutary nature. With all her outward appearance of levity and girlish pride, she was at heart a very different person, and this was well understood by her simple honest neighbors who valued her accordingly. The women of the Claddagh, both maids and matrons, are famous for their modesty and virtue, notwithstanding the free-and-easy manner peculiar to their wild life, and the light-hearted merriment for which they are distinguished never degenerates into coarseness or obscenity. Their *interior* is as pure as their *exterior* is rough and unpolished, and the vices which so often tarnish the lustre of fashionable dames in courtly and other circles are amongst them unknown, undreamed of.* It is little to say, then, that Maureen Dhu was modest—say rather that the snow-white foam of her own dear waters was not purer in heart and mind. Wayward and wilful she was at times,—and little wonder when the whole village helped her own family to spoil her,—but bold or unwomanly never—never.

The only thing that Maureen had been ever taught from books was her catechism, and if she didn't know that well, why no one in Galway or its suburbs knew it. Many a pretty premium had Maureen got up in the convent chapel for her knowledge of the Christian Doctrine, ay! long before she had made her first communion, and these prizes were still carefully treasured in the family, with a few others gained by the boys, and proudly exhibited by old Vara at every fitting (or unfitting) opportunity.

At the time when Maureen is brought before the reader she had barely completed her eighteenth year. It is pretty certain that, like the buxom widow of Irish song,

> "Of lovers she had a full score,
> Or more."

but if so, they *loved* at a respectful distance, and, moreover, "never told their love," never dared to tell it, for Maureen Dhu was queen of the Claddagh and looked down from a queenly height on the jolly young fishermen of the village, ay! even those who were in highest favor with her father and brothers, and were their chosen comrades on sea and shore. It is true she had given a pair of beads to young Brien Kineely when, in a brisk gale, off Black Head, he had helped to save her father's boat, and perchance the lives of those most dear to her. The tears were in her eyes when she thanked the gallant fellow, and his heart beat high and his brown cheek glowed at the thought that Maureen might then, if ever, smile on his suit. But when next they met, Maureen was as gay, as proud, and as indifferent as ever, and poor Brien's heart sank within him. Though bold and brave to his fellowmen or where danger threatened, in Maureen's presence he was timid and subdued, because he loved her with fear and trembling. And the froward girl seemed to delight in exhibiting that power which could thus change the lion into the lamb. Another of the slaves of this potent Naiad was Shan Driscoll, who had also a claim on Maureen's gratitude, inasmuch as he had once brought her little favorite Nanno Kenny from the very bottom of the river when the child had sunk to rise no more. The king of those waters was Shan Driscoll, and so much of Maureen's own spirit had he that the neighbors thought she could not choose but love him—so tall and handsome, so proud and bold and reckless, yet full of fun and frolic. Surely if Maureen Dhu could be mated about the Claddagh, Shan Driscoll was just the man—he and none other. He was well to do in the world, too, for his father had lately quitted this mortal life, leaving him the owner of a good-sized boat, or at least joint proprietor with his mother, for he was an only child. It chanced, moreover, that Shan was very often Maureen's partner in the frequent merry-makings where all were assembled. During the last May eve festivities she had seldom danced with any other, and when Midsummer came round it was still the same, although Brien Kineely and at least half a dozen others put in their claim early in the day. Poor Brien! he had not the courage to persevere after Maureen's cool denial—wounded pride and slighted love fixed their fangs within his heart, and if he would have hated any human being it would have been Shan Driscoll, when jig after jig and reel after reel he saw him lead Maureen out, both of them looking so proud and so happy. There was many a fine young fellow there who shared more or less in Brien's feelings with regard to Shan on that particular evening, but none felt the grief and the mortification so deeply as he, for none had ventured to hope for so much.

Never had Brien taken more pains to set off his comely face and figure than on that St. John's Day, and he really looked quite attractive when, in his gala dress—white dimity overvest, blue rug jacket, plush knee breeches of the same color, a rich crimson silk handkerchief tied loosely on his neck, and a new caroline of the approved Claddagh fashion—broad-brimmed and low-crowned, shading his fresh, open countenance, he presented himself before his lady-love, blushing and timid as a young damsel.

Maureen was giving the last touch to her toilet at the little mirror in the kitchen-parlor of the household. A tight crimson boddice showed off to perfection the admirable symmetry of her form, and a long, full skirt of dark blue stuff fell in graceful folds to her feet—not so as to cover them, though, for Maureen knew it would be a pity to conceal such tiny little shoes with the whitest of cotton hose. Over her long dark tresses, neatly twisted around her head, she now placed a very pretty cap of wrought muslin trimmed with broad rich lace, rounded off at the ears and fastened with pins to the roll of her hair. Vara, already dressed in a somewhat similar costume, excepting only the cap, was superintending her granddaughter's toilet, and had just been expresing her entire satisfaction when Brien's shadow darkened the doorway and reflected in the glass made Maureen turn quickly.

"Who's for the Cross?" said Brien; "Are *you*, Maureen?—I saw your father and the boys pass half an hour ago."

"To be sure, avick! we're both going," said the grand-dame cheerily; "we'll be with you in a minute. Just look at Maureen, Brien!—isn't she a beauty?"

"Grandmother!" cried Maureen sharply, "what makes you talk so?—never mind her, Brien, but you go your ways—you'll see us there by-and-bye. We know the road ourselves."

The young man answered only by a reproachful look and a heavy sigh. His fond, admiring glance on entering had brought the blood to Maureen's cheek, and a bright smile to her coral lip, yet she met his sorrowful look with a cold, motionless stare, and his half-suppressed sigh with a low light laugh.

"Child!" said old Vara, in her commanding way, "what do you mean?—why don't you speak the young man civily?"

"So I did, granny!"—and the haughty beauty smiled again, "if my words don't please him I can't help it—go your ways, I tell you, Brien!"

"I will, Maureen, I will!—don't say it again!" He was gone in an instant, and the girl stood a moment looking after him, so lost in deep thought that she heard nothing of her grandmother's sharp rebuke. Mechanically, as it were, she assisted the old woman to tie the grinder* on her head, and then threw the blue cloak around her shoulders.

"You're all ready now, granny!" she said in a dreaming voice.

"I am then," said the gentle matron, mimicking her tone; "I'm thinking it's not me that's in your head!—what airs you put on you, Maureen, in regard to that decent boy—you treat him as if he wasn't fit to wipe your shoes—all because of them black eyes and that bit of a face of yours—now, mark my words! Maureen—beauty doesn't last, and I'd advise you to make sure of some decent partner for life while you have the good chance. Tell me one thing, astore!—what fault have you to Brien Kineely?"

"Ne'er a fault at all, gran! but why don't you have him yourself, since you think so much of him?" and Maureen laughed as she took the old woman's arm, and hurried her away in the direction of the pipes and fiddles which were already regaling the ears of a dense crowd assembled at the Cross, and making the toes of the young to tingle. The scene was so gay and the bustle of preparation so great that Vara quite forgot the cutting retort that was on her lips. The weather was fine as balmy air and midsummer sun could make it. The river and the broad bay were glowing with the hues of sunset, and the quaint old city with its grotesque gables and turrets looked strangely picturesque, and far off beyond the quays and docks on the opposite side of the river the blue mountains of Clare were reflecting on their summits, "the golden glory of the light." But what was the beauty of earth, and sea, and sky to the joyous bustle, the stirring music, the gay and flaunting colors, the flowery garlands hoisted on long poles above the heads of the eager, restless, laughing, talking, shouting crowd. At least so thought Vara and her granddaughter—or rather the beauty aforesaid entered not at all into comparison, in their minds, with that of the noisy, confused, yet very picturesque melee of human beings on fun and frolic all intent.

Just as Maureen and her grandmother gained the outskirts of the crowd, a deafening shout rent the air, and Randal was seen mounting a cart, as it were to open the proceedings. During the prolonged cheering which followed his appearance, the old man stood motionless on the cart, smiling gravely down on the upturned faces of his liege men and women. When the cheering had at length subsided, Randal cleared his throat and spoke in the deep guttural voice, peculiar to his people.

"Well, boys, here we are again, every mother's son of us! Thanks be to God I see you all around me this good midsummer-day after all the dangers of the year. Not a soul is missing from among us except poor Tom O'Daly and Larry Shanahan, that died of the fever last summer, and Molly Toohy, that died of old age, the creature!" Here a voice cried out, "There's another, Randal honey!" It was old Vara, and her son-in-law quickly resumed in a still deeper voice: "So there is, gran! I was forgetting *him!* Boys! you'll not forget Paul Kehoe when the Galway coalmen come across you!"

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* The common testimony of all writers on the subject, Protestant as well as Catholic, goes to prove the high moral character of this primitive Catholic community. Hardiman, Mrs. Hall, Sir Francis Bond Head, and other Protestant writers mention it with respect. The latter, in particular, states on the authority of the local police that such a thing as the birth of an illegitimate child was wholly unknown in the Claddagh. A short extract from his "Fortnight in Ireland" may not be uninteresting to the reader, as it serves to prove our position:

"The sergeant in charge of the Claddagh station now arrived," says Sir Francis, "and gave his opinion as follows:

Q. "How long have you been in charge of the Claddagh village?"

A. "I have been nine years here, for five years of which I have been in charge of Claddagh."

Q. "During that time has there been an illegitimate child born there?"

A. "No, I have never heard of it, and if it had happened I should have been sure to have heard of it, as they wouldn't have allowed the woman to remain in the village."

Q. "Have you ever heard of any that occurred before your arrival?"

A. "No, sir."

Sir Francis thereupon expresses his great surprise, and no wonder, for where would he find such a high state of morals in any part of Protestant England; much less in a rude fishing village, where the women, as in the Claddagh, are singularly handsome for their state of life!

* A sort of silk handkerchief of mixed red and yellow, much in use amongst the Irish peasantry.

A loud groan burst from the assembly, and a thousand voices answered "No!" with the fierce energy of determination.

"No, Randal!" cried Shan Driscoll, "we don't or we won't forget poor Paul; sooner might Arran of the Saints* move up to Mutton Island†, than we forget our brother."

"That's right, boys!" said Randal again; "now you've elected me again to be Mayor and Admiral. I'm thankful to you for that same, and with God's help I'll do my duty this year too, without fear or favor. I'll keep the Bay clear of trespassers, never fear—that is with your good help—and I wish I may catch a trawling villain on Galway waters—if I do, I'll trawl him—I will, or my name is not Randal O'Hara." Another enthusiastic cheer followed, and then Randal, raising his voice still louder than before, cried out: "That's enough said for this time—it's getting late, and we must be moving—boys, fall into ranks; musicians, on to the front—be alive now; girls, fall back till we get in marching order!—then come as near as you like! Here you, Barney and Yeman, take these two poles. Shan Driscoll, you'll keep near me—and, Brien!—hillo!—where's Brien Kineely?" "Here I am, Randal!" came faintly from a distance, and the young man was seen elbowing his way through the laughing crowd of friends and neighbors, who cracked many a joke at his expense as he passed along. He was flushed and heated, and evidently in no very good humor, and he darted a sullen glance at Shan, who stood by Yeman O'Hara's side, with a mask in his hand, which he was to wear in the procession. Shan met the look, and probably understood it, for he smiled and threw back his head with a careless air and a mocking gesture.

These commands of the Mayor's were promptly executed, and the dense crowd was very soon formed into a regular procession. The order of march was arranged by Randal himself, who pointed out to each one his place in the ranks, according to his age and standing in the village. The young men were all arrayed in white jackets, with colored knee-breeches and silken sashes, their hats encircled with wreaths of flowers. A large number of them carried poles, some topped with long streamers, bearing inscriptions and rude devices chiefly relating to their common calling, others with wreaths or bunches of summer flowers, whose perfume was not altogether lost in the prevailing odors of the place.

When all was arranged according to immemorial custom, a pair of stout fellows in strangely-uncouth garb and laughter-moving masks sprang to the front, armed with long poles surmounted by bladders. After making obeisance to the civic functionary, these worthies, of whom, as we have already intimated, Shan Driscoll was one, immediately commenced the functions of their office by a terrific charge on the crowd of women, who scampered off in all directions, screaming with laughter. Two only stood their ground—namely, Vara Halliday and her pretty granddaughter, the former in right of her tongue, the latter in right of her beauty—neither on account of their connection with the Mayor, whose dignity, all supreme as it was, extended no farther than his own person. They stood together on a large flat stone at the corner of a street, and it was strange to see the momentary hush that took place in the noisy procession as it wheeled past them. First came along the two masks, who lowered their unsightly standards before the strangely contrasted dignitaries, and then with a hop and a jump, passed on to clear the road for the advancing column. After them, a few yards behind, came the band, consisting of two pipers, two fiddlers, a key-bugle and a drum. It must be admitted the music was none of the best; neither Julien nor Strauss would have assumed its paternity for the Queen's crown, yet it stirred the blood in the veins of the Claddagh men—ay, and the Claddagh women, too, and neither of the eminent composers mentioned could do more, let them do their best. Even Maureen, cold and proud, smiled graciously on the musicians, as in passing her they suddenly changed "The Sprig of Shillelah" for the softer and more touching "Brown Maid." A hearty cheer from the ranks announced that the change was understood, and again Maureen Dhu bent her head and smiled to the compliment.

Just behind the band marched Randal More, with Yeman on one side and Barney on the other, the old man in his blue rug jacket, the sons in their gay white. A pair of handsome, rollicking lads they were, and their father was certainly prouder of them than of his high trust in the community. The sister and brothers only exchanged smiles, and the father honored his "womankind" with a patronizing nod, but old Vara could not keep silence when her heart was so full. Sundry comments, censures, and compliments escaped her as friends and acquaintances met her eye.

"And it's fresh and well you look, Randal mavourneen, you and the boys. Hold your head a little higher. Yeman astore!—that's it now. Dan Daly, what's on you at all that you're looking so mournful? Cheer up, man! cheer up!—there's good yawls to be had for the winning—don't be thinking of the one you lost. Long life to you. Shamus! but it's you that has the roguish eyes of your own. It's no wonder the girls would be all setting their caps at you! Good luck to you all, and it's sure I am you'll put the best foot foremost before the townspeople within."

"A cheer for Vara Halliday!" cried he of the roguish eye, "may she live long to keep the quality to their trumps in town!"

The cheer was freely, heartily given, for Vara, with all her professional volubility, was much beloved in the village. As the rear of the procession passed, Maureen caught Brien Kineely's eye fixed on her with a sad expression, and her heart smote her, she could hardly tell why. Brien was the bearer of one of the Claddagh banners, and his fine manly form showed to much advantage as he held it aloft with both hands. Before Maureen could express her thoughts even by a look, Brien had passed and with him the gay show, and the women began to crowd around Maureen and her grand-dame expressing their delight in a full chorus of joyous acclamation. Whole troops of boys were already in motion, gambolling and frisking on either side the procession; the women, old and young, quickly followed on the road to the city, a few of the very oldest remaining behind to gather materials for the evening bonfires, and to care the infants of the several families.

(To be continued.)

* Arranmore, the largest of the Arran Islands, thus named in the common discourse of the neighboring peasantry. It is about thirty miles from the city.

† A small island at the very head of the Bay, and close alongside of Galway city.

HOW MAJOR ANDRE MET HIS FATE.

Although Andre's request as to the mode of his death was not to be granted, it was thought best to let him remain in uncertainty on the subject; no answer, therefore, was returned to his note. On the morning of the 2d, he maintained a calm demeanor, though all round him were gloomy and silent. He even rebuked his servant for shedding tears. Having breakfasted, he dressed himself with care in the full uniform of a British officer, which he had sent for to New York, placed his hat upon the table, and accosting the officers on guard, "I am ready," said he, "at any moment, gentlemen, to wait upon you." He walked to the place of execution between two subaltern officers, arm-in-arm, with a serene countenance, bowing to several gentlemen whom he knew. Colonel Talmadge accompanied him, and we quote his words: "When he came within sight of the gibbet, he appeared to be startled, and inquired with some emotion, whether he was not to be shot? Being informed that the mode first appointed for his death could not consistently be altered, he exclaimed, 'How hard is my fate!' but immediately added, 'it will soon be over.' I then shook hands with him under the gallows, and retired."

While waiting near the gallows until preparations were made, says another authority, who was present, he evinced some nervousness, putting his foot on a stone and rolling it, and making an effort to swallow, as if choked by a hysterical affection of the throat. All things being ready, he stepped into the wagon, appeared to shrink for an instant, but recovered himself, exclaiming, "It will be but a momentary pang." Taking off his hat and stock, and opening his shirt collar, he deliberately adjusted the noose to his neck, after which he took out a handkerchief and tied it over his eyes. Being told by the officer in command that his arms must be bound, he drew out a second handkerchief, with which they were pinioned. Col. Scammel now told him that he had an opportunity to speak, if he desired it. His only reply was, "I pray you bear witness that I meet my fate like a brave man." The wagon moved from under him and left him suspended. He died almost without a struggle. He remained suspended for about half an hour, during which a death-like stillness prevailed over the surrounding multitude. His remains were interred within a few yards of the place of his execution; whence they were transferred to England, in 1821, by the British Consul then resident in New York, and were buried in Westminster Abbey, near the mural monument which had been erected to his memory.—*Irving's Life of George Washington.*

THE MOHURRUM.

The festival of "the Mohurrum" has been frequently alluded to in the reports of the news from India, but further than the "mere mention" thereof, the reader is left in darkness. Probably it has not come within the reading of one per cent. of those who peruse the daily papers to learn anything of this festival, towards which such attention has been drawn. We doubt not, therefore, that some account of it will prove interesting.

The "festival" of the Mohurrum is a fast which is observed by a large majority of the Mohammedan population of India in commemoration of the death of Hassan and Hosein, two early leaders of the faithful and near relatives to the Prophet himself. Some of the Mohammedans, called the Soonies, and living chiefly west of the Euphrates, do not believe in Hassan and Hosein; while the others eastward, called Sheahes, regard the deaths of the Prophet's relatives as barbarous murders, entitling them to that reverence which is paid to martyrs. Not seldom is the Mohurrum month signalized by bloodshed, caused by the rancorous rivalries of these two branches of the followers of Mohamed.

The occasion brings together immense multitudes of people. Everything is calculated to attract attention. The fast is celebrated for ten days; but it is sometimes kept for a much longer period. It is recorded of Nussir U-Deen, King of Oude, that he kept it forty days, having taken a vow in early life, that if he ever came to the throne, he would so devote himself to the glory of the faithful in full thankfulness for their care of him. Although much given to pleasure and the cultivation of European manners, Nussir kept his vow; living during the Mohurrum entirely with his male relatives—eschewing wine, wassail, and social dinner-parties, pigeon-fighting, and other merry pastimes to which he was passionately addicted. The author of the Private Life of an Eastern King kept the Mohurrum while in the service of Nussir U-Deen at Lucknow, and gives a very picturesque account of the magnificent humiliation and gorgeous sorrow characteristic of the time and Indian life.

As the Mohurrum commences, the Mohammedan population is, as it were, snatched from all earthly interest. The streets are silent, and add a mystery to the mourning which we know pervades the interior of every house. The next day the houses yield up their mourners, and the streets are crowded with people in the mantle of affliction, parading in funeral order to the various tombs, representations of the Mausoleum at Kerbela or Meshed, on the banks of the Euphrates, in which Hassan and Hosein are buried. These tombs are set up—in the emanbarra of a chief, or in the house of some wealthy mussulman—against the wall facing Mecca, under a canopy, which, in the royal emanbarra, was made of green velvet with gold embroidery. Opposite to the tomb is a pulpit or rostrum, on which the officiating priest stands, his back to the tomb and his face "evermore towards Mecca"—that tomb of tombs. The scene, with its lustrous chandeliers, sparkling embroidery, glittering bullion-fringes, ornamental banners, and turbaned and bearded figures, wrapped in mysterious humiliation and expressive grief, calls up to the imagination the scenic wonders of the Arabian Nights' Entertainments. During the whole period of the Mohurrum green and red wax-lights are kept burning, and morning and evening mourning assemblies are held.

It is night; the lights are flaring upon the broad turbans; the glittering interior of the emanbarra, says the chronicler of the Court of Lucknow, with chandeliers and wax-tapers, its gilding and its banners, its fringes, and its embroideries, is a blaze of light. The preacher is reciting an account of the death of the two chiefs, his keen black eyes glowing with animation as he proceeds; his audience, at first so solemn and so quietly sad, being gradually wound up to passionate bursts of grief. The orator groans aloud as he recapitulates the disastrous story; his audience is deeply moved. Tears trickle from the eyes of more than one bearded face, sobs and groans issue from the others. At length, as if with a sudden unpremeditated burst, but really at the proper part of the service, the audience utters forth the names "Hessan!". "Hosein!" in succession, beating the breast the while in cadence. At first somewhat gently and in a low tone are the names uttered, but afterward louder and more loud, until the whole emanbarra rings again with the excited, prolonged, piercing wail. For fully ten minutes does this burst of grief continue—the beating of the breast, the loud uttering of the names, the beating ever louder and more resounding, the utterance gradually increasing in shrillness and piercing energy, until, in a moment, all is hushed again, and silence, as of deep affliction, falls like a pall upon the assembly.

After the exhaustion produced by this phrenzied demonstration, "beating the breast with the thermometer at ninety," Sherbet is handed round; the royal family (if present) indulge in the heckah—the curling smoke from which but adds to the magic reality of the scene—the devotees, resuscitating themselves by chewing a savory stimulant until the service proceeds, and the time comes round for the renewed thumping of breasts and chanting the names of the martyrs. The Moorsheah is chaunted in conclusion, which affects the people highly, being in the vernacular and comprehended by all. At the close of this funeral dirge the assembly rises, recapitulates, *viva voce*, then ames of the true leaders of the faithful, and curse, loud and deep, the usurping caliphs of the Soonies. Such is an outline of the daily and nightly service during the Mohurrum, which, in other respects, is kept with becoming humility—the Sheah families discountenancing luxury—the hardest charpoys or simple mats being substituted for the luxurious cushions, and barley rice and boiled peas taking the place of hot curry and savory pilaw.

During the period embraced by the Mohurrum, (on the 7th day,) there is an episode called the Mayndieh, the commemoration of the wedding day of Hosein's favorite daughter to her cousin Cossim. This is of the most splendid and luxurious character; and its delight is quickly followed by a funeral procession to Cossim, whose death took place on the same day as his wedding, and so the rites naturally blend into the movements of the Mohurrum. Immense amounts of money are spent on these occasions, and marvelous presents disbursed as the wedding gifts, in honor of Hosein's daughter.

It is recorded that one of these Mohurrums cost a reigning Nawab over a million and a half of dollars. The expensive dresses and appointments are never used again. The wealth of the Mohammedan population may be estimated, says the anonymous author quoted above, by the displays they make at the Mohurrum. All the valuable mourning and embroidery, the velvet and gilding, is distributed among the poor and needy at the close of the fast; so that the populace do not want incitement to make the commemoration as enthusiastic as possible.

JOHN THORNTON'S WILL.

[*From the St. Louis Republican.*]

The last will and testament of John Thornton, deceased, was yesterday presented and admitted to probate. As considerable diversity of opinion and speculation exists in relation to its contents, we publish the bequests made. The will is of recent date, purporting to have been executed on the 14th of December, 1857, in the presence of Messrs. Owen V. Timon and Francis J. Steigers, who are the witnesses. The Right Rev. Bishop Kenrick, John Withnell and Edward Walsh, are made the executors.

The first bequest is $60,000 to his executors in trust, to be applied to the use and benefit of the surviving children of his late brother, Patrick Thornton, giving to his nephews, John Thornton $20,000, and Nicholas Thornton $10,000, and to each of his nieces, three of them, $10,000 each.

This bequest is to be invested in the way of loans secured upon real estate by deed of trust and mortgage, the assessed value of which is to be at least twice the amount so invested, the annual interest of which is to be paid half-yearly to the legatees. To Peter Richard Kenrick he devises the sum of $53,000 for the St. Louis Hospital Association, and makes the following additional bequests: $2,000 to the Male Orphan Asylum, corner Fifteenth street and Clark Avenue; $2,000 to Female Orphan Asylum, corner Biddle and Tenth streets; $2,000 for Theological Seminary at Carondelet; $2,000 for Widows' Home and Lying-in Hospital, corner Tenth and O'Fallon streets; $2,000 for the Home of the Good Shepherd, Seventeenth street, between Pine and Chesnut; $2,000 for Half Orphan Asylum for girls, corner Eighth and Main streets; $2,000 for the home of St. Philomena, corner Fifth and Walnut streets; $2,000 for Sisters of Mary, corner of Tenth and Morgan streets; $1,000 for parochial schools attached to each of the following Catholic churches: Cathedral, St. Francis Xavier, St. Patrick, St. John, St. Michael the Archangel, St. Lawrence O'Toole; $5,000 for the use and benefit of the following churches: Cathedral, St. Patrick, St. Michael, St. Lawrence O'Toole, Immaculate Conception, and $2,000 to the Bishop for the purpose of enabling him to begin the foundation of a Boys' Catholic Reform Institution; $3,000 for the Bishop's own use and benefit. And the residue of his estate to Archbishop Peter Richard Kenrick, of every description, constituting him his heir at law, in the belief that he will apply it for the benefit of the indigent and to advance the cause of religion.

These are all the important bequests of Mr. Thornton's will. It bears date, as will be observed, on the 14th of December, and was made before his health became so much impaired as to confine him to his bed.

Mr. Thornton was a Catholic, and this may account for the peculiar disposition of his fortune. After providing liberally for his relatives, he made numerous bequests to various benevolent institutions in this city—to schools attached to several Catholic churches—a limited sum to several churches, and a few minor bequests. These donations, amounting to $145,000, absorb, as our information leads us to believe, scarcely a third of the estate. We estimate his entire wealth at $475,000 to $500,000, and as he owed nothing, the public may readily see what amount of property is left in trust to the Archbishop. This fortune could not have fallen into worthier hands. We have every reason to believe, from the past life of the Reverend gentleman, that he will so dispose of the moneys entrusted to him as will best carry out the intentions of the testator—relieving the indigent, and advancing the cause of religion. He will have every inducement to do so. Not to refer to his own goodness of heart, or the obligations resting upon him by the terms of the will, his own sense of duty will teach him so to dispose of the property committed to his charge as that it may contribute to the greatest good of the greatest number, at the same time that it may reflect credit upon the church of which he is a zealous and distinguished member.

PERSONAL RECOLLECTIONS OF O'CONNELL.

BY WILLIAM J. O'N. DAUNT, ESQ.,
OF KILCASCAN, COUNTY CORK.

CHAPTER XXXII.

O'Connell and the Poor Law—Major Sirr and the Union—Was Shakspeare a Catholic?—O'Connell's Hope that Wars might eventually cease—A curious Duellist—"Bob Twiss"—Jerry Keller—An Attorney-hater—O'Connell's Recollections of his Birth-place.

Mr. Ray visited me at Kilcascan, in November, 1842, and occupied himself for some weeks in organizing the neighboring towns in the Repeal movement. O'Connell, as I have said, proceeded to Waterford, and thence to Darrynane, where he enjoyed the amusement of hunting, and busied himself attacking the Poor Law, to which ill-considered enactment his hostility had never relaxed. In a letter he addressed to the Poor Law Guardians of the county which he then represented in Parliament (Cork), he gave a ludicrous sketch of the mode in which this specimen of "English legislation for Ireland" was concocted.

"Lord John Russell," said he, "deemed himself wiser than any combination of Irish Commissioners. . . . . He accordingly selected an adviser of his own, a man whose name is but too familiar in Ireland, Mr. Nicholls. He made him sole arbiter of the fate of Ireland.

"Judge of the fitness of this appointment. This Mr. Nicholls had been brought up in the service of the East India Company. He, for many years, commanded, with, I believe, integrity and skill, a large ship engaged in traffic between England and the East Indies. Mark this: An English sea-skipper to regulate Poor Laws for Ireland! If we were not divided among ourselves—but no matter.

"Thus qualified, Mr. Nicholls was despatched to Ireland. He spent, in investigating the state of the country, an enormous length of time, 'to wit,' (as we lawyers say) *about nine weeks!*—rather less. The dates are these. Nicholls received in London his sailing orders from Lord John Russell on the 22d of August, 1836; he visited Ireland, returned to England, and drew up, prepared, and gave in his full report before the 15th of November the same year. Was the like of this ever heard? Alas, it could happen nowhere save only in Ireland. He was whirled in a post-chaise, at the public expense, from Dublin to Cork, from Cork to Sligo, from Sligo to Belfast, and thence, I believe, by short sea to Glasgow; but to be sure, 'his eye in a fine frenzy rolling,' had passed all over Ireland. He calculated the number of poor-houses, the number of paupers, the amount of expense, the quantity of rates. In short, he calculated everything, and was accurate in nothing. But his report was adopted—acted on, and our poor laws are the legitimate, the natural consequence. How I pity and despise the man who does not feel the force of this statement!"

Alluding to the wasteful expenditure of the public money by the Poor Law Commissioners, the following passage contains a burst of mingled indignation and contempt extremely characteristic of the writer:

"They" (the Commissioners) "have erected" (in Cork) "a house for the accommodation of two thousand persons, without a sewer. Is it possible to give a stronger proof of wasteful blundering? Ought such men to continue Commissioners a single day longer? If justice were done, they should be employed for the rest of their lives in personally conveying away the filth of that workhouse."

Near Christmas, O'Connell invited me to go to Darrynane. His onslaught on the Poor Law was uppermost in his mind.

Talking over the subject in the evening, somebody said, "but is it not a very good thing to relieve even some of the destitute?"

"Aye," returned O'Connell, "provided you don't make paupers of some to relieve the pauperism of others. There is the hideous excess of the cost of the machinery of the Poor Law, over the actual amount of relief administered to the destitute. Look at the instance—to be sure, an extreme case—of the Union of Dunkerrin, in which £720 are charged upon the ratepayers, and *four paupers* are relieved! A good thing to relieve the destitute! To be sure it is—and it is a very good thing, and a very useful thing, to catch flies; but what would you say to a wiseacre who should give forty or fifty pounds for a most ingenious and admirable fly-trap; and lo! at the end of three months, the excellent trap had actually caught a dozen flies? This would be paying rather dear for your fly-catching. In sober truth, the Poor Laws just show us how a set of well fattened English Commissioners can get rich by minding the affairs of the poor—and the *Irish* poor, too! just as Don Pedro Zendona, in 'Gil Blas,' became rich, *a force de soigner les pauvres.*"

O'Connell often boasted, as the reader has already seen, that his first appearance in public life was made in opposition to the Union. "It is a curious thing enough," said he, "that all the principles of my subsequent political life are contained in my very first speech. We met at the Royal Exchange, to denounce the Union as Catholics. We had previously held private meetings at the house of Sir James Strong, who was active enough at first, but refused to be our chairman. So we made Ambrose Moore our chairman—a very worthy citizen. It was Curran who drew up our resolutions. They were very fiery and spirited in their original shape, but were modified into comparative tameness to suit the timidity of some of our friends, in those days of terror and brute force. Major Sirr came into the meeting, at the head of a party of the armed yeomanry. They grounded their arms with a heavy clash on the stone pavement, but did not molest us. Sirr asked to be shown the resolutions, and when he had read them, he threw them back on the table, saying, 'There is no harm in them.' He then walked off with his yeomanry, and left us undisturbed."

One evening, in speaking of Shakspeare, O'Connell said, "I am certain he was a Catholic. In his writings, you find his priests and friars good men. This circumstance is very remarkable, when we consider that he wrote at a period when abuse of popery would have naturally been practised to court the ruling powers, by any writer who was not a Catholic himself."

"In the play of 'King John,'" observed Mr. Lucas (the editor of the *Tablet*), "Shakspeare shows strong disinclination to give temporal power and authority to the Pope."

"That," replied O'Connell, "is a perfectly Catholic sentiment, and one in which I fully and cordially participate, so far as concerns the Pope's actual *dominion*. But I'll tell you a favorite day-dream of mine—that the time will come when there will be no more war, no more bloodshed between nations, and when nations will settle their differences not by sanguinary battles, and the awful sacrifice of human life, but by a pacific appeal to the adjudication of a third party—just as America and England have now referred their disputes to the decision of the King of Holland. And who, in such an appeal from nations, could be a fitter umpire than the Pope, the most ancient sovereign in Christendom?"

This remark led to some comments on the papal supremacy, and thence the talk wandered to Sir Thomas More's defence of that supremacy. O'Connell playfully said: "By the bye, Sir Thomas More had four-and-twenty grandchildren—and so have I. Thus you see there are some things in which a little man may resemble a great one."

On the 16th of January, O'Connell quitted Darrynane, to return to Dublin. He hunted all day across the mountains, and arrived late for dinner at Hillgrove.* His spirits were as high as usual, and the store of anecdotes which he poured forth was copious.

"I remember," said he, "being counsel at a special commission in Kerry, against a Mr. S——, and having occasion to press him somewhat hard in my speech, he jumped up in the court, and called me, 'a purse-proud blockhead.' I said to him: 'In the first place, I have got no purse to be proud of; and secondly, if I be a blockhead, is is the better for you, as I'm counsel against you. However, just to save you the trouble of saying so again, I'll administer a slight rebuke,'—whereupon I whacked him soundly on the back with the president's cane. Next day he sent me a challenge, by William Ponsonby, of Crottoe; but very shortly after, he wrote to me to state, that *since* he had challenged me, he had discovered that my life was inserted in a valuable lease of his. 'Under these circumstances,' he continued, 'I cannot afford to shoot you, unless, as a precautionary measure, you first insure your life for my benefit. If you do, then heigh for powder and ball! I'm your man.' Now this seems so ludicrously absurd, that it is almost incredible; yet it is literally true. S—— was a very timid man—yet he fought six duels; in fact, he fought them out of pure fear."

Mr. Primrose adverted to Judge Jackson's calumny against O'Connell, promulgated on the authority of Mr. Robert Twiss.

"Aye, Bob—poor Bob!" said O'Connell. "I remember a good hit the late Archdeacon Day made at Bob. While Bob was High Sheriff of Kerry, I dined in his company one day in Tralee. There was a riot in the street, and Bob was desirous to interpose his authority. 'Oh, let them fight it out!' exclaimed the archdeacon. 'No, no, I'll pacify them,' answered Bob, and he accordingly rushed out into the street, and set about pacifying the people, by knocking down one man on the right and another on the left, crying out all the while, 'I'm the High Sheriff—I'm the High Sheriff.' A fellow who did not care for dignitaries soon made a *low* sheriff of him, by bestowing a blow on his head that stunned him. Poor Bob was brought back into the house insensible; but his head, when examined, was found not to have sustained the least fracture. When he revived, Archdeacon Day congratulated him, saying, 'How providential, Bob, *that your skull was so thick!*'"

In speaking of his professional recollections, he gave some traits of Jeremiah Keleher, long known at the Munster bar by the familiar name of "Jerry Keller."

"Jerry," said O'Connell, "was an instance of great waste of talent. He was the son of a poor farmer near Kanturk, named *Keleher*, which name Jerry anglicised into *Keller*, when he went to the bar. He was an excellent classical scholar, and had very considerable natural capacity; but, although he had a good deal of business at the bar, his success was far from being what he might have attained, had he given his whole soul to his profession. His readiness of retort was great. At a Cork county election, at which Col. Tonson was candidate, Jerry was trying to break down one of the colonel's voters by a long cross-examination. In these days voters were liable to cross-examinations, like witnesses at Nisi Prius. Colonel Tonson saw matters were going hard with his voter, and thinking to check, and at the same time to mortify, Jerry, he called out to him: 'I say, Mr. Keller, or Keleher, or whatever the devil they call you, let that voter alone!' 'Call me anything you please, colonel, retorted Jerry, looking meekly up, *provided you don't call me the son of a* ——.'

"Baron Smith once tried to annoy him on his change of name at a bar dinner. They were talking of the Irish language. 'Your Irish name, Mr. Keller,' said the baron, 'is *Diarmuidh-ui-Keleher*.' 'It is,' answered Jerry, nothing daunted, 'and yours is *Liamh Gow*.'" There was a great laugh at Smith's expense,—a sort of thing that nobody liked less.

"Another time, when the bar were dining together on a Friday, a blustering young barrister named Norcott, of great pretension, with but slender materials to support it, observed that Jerry was eating fish instead of meat. Norcott, by way of jeering Keller, (who had originally been a Catholic) said to him, 'So you won't eat meat? Why, I did not think, Jerry, you had so much of the *Pope in your belly!*' 'I wouldn't have as much of the *Pretender in my head* as you have,' answered Jerry, 'for all the meat in the market.'

"There was a barrister of the name of Parsons at the bar in my earlier practice," continued O'Connell, "who had a good deal of Jerry Keller's humor. Parsons hated the whole tribe of attorneys,—perhaps they had not treated him very well,—but his prejudice against them was eternally exhibiting itself. One day in the hall of the Four Courts an attorney came up to him, to beg his subscription towards burying a brother attorney, who had died in distressed circumstances. Parsons took out a pound note. 'Oh, Mr. Parsons,' said the applicant, 'I do not want so much; I only ask a shilling from each contributor.' 'Oh, take it, take it,' replied Parsons; 'I would most willingly subscribe money any day to put an attorney under ground!' 'But, really, Mr. Parsons, I have limited myself to a shilling from each person.' 'For pity's sake, my good sir, take the pound, *and bury twenty of them!*'"

"One of the most curious things I remember in my bar experience is Judge Foster's charging for the acquittal of a homicide named Denis Halligan, who was tried with four others at the Limerick Assizes many years ago. Foster totally mistook the evidence of the principal witness for the prosecution. The offence charged was aggravated manslaughter, committed on some poor wretch whose name I forget. The first four prisoners were shown to have been criminally abetting; but the fifth, Denis Halligan, was proved to have inflicted the fatal blow. The evidence of the principal witness against him was given in these words: 'I saw Denis Halligan, my Lord—(he that's in the dock there)—take a *vacancy** at the poor sowl that's kilt, and give him a wipe with a *cleh alpeen*,† and lay him down as quiet as a child.' The Judge charged against the first four prisoners, and sentenced them to seven years' imprisonment each; then proceeding to the fifth prisoner—the rascal who really committed the homicide—he addressed him thus: 'Denis Halligan, I have purposely reserved the consideration of your case for the last. Your crime, as being a participator in the affray, is doubtless of a very grievous nature; yet I cannot avoid taking into consideration the mitigating circumstances that attend it. By the evidence of the witness it clearly appears that *you* were the only one of the party who showed any mercy to the unfortunate deceased; you took him to a *vacant seat*, and you wiped him with a *clean napkin*, and (to use the affecting and poetical language of the witness) you laid him down with the gentleness one shows to a little child. In consideration of these circumstances, which considerably mitigate your offence, the only punishment I shall inflict upon you is an imprisonment of three weeks' duration.' So Denis Halligan got off, from Foster's mistaking a *vacancy* and a *cleh alpeen* for a *vacant seat* and a *clean napkin*."

Such was O'Connell's table-talk at Hillgrove.

O'Connell and I were standing one morning on the high ground at Hillgrove, which overlooks his birthplace. Carhen House, where his father lived, is now in ruins. He pointed to the crumbling walls, and said, "I was born there; but not in the house whose ruins you see. I was born in a house of which there is now no vestige, and of which the materials were used in constructing the edifice now dilapidated. Do you see that stream? Many a trout I have caught in it in my youthful days. Those meadows near the river were always good land; but beyond was very unprofitable boggy soil. My father always grew enough of wheat for the use of the family. Those ash trees behind the house on the other side of the river stand where there was once an old grove of much grosser ash trees. They were worth one hundred pounds, and my father one day thought proper to sell them for fifteen pounds. My uncle, General O'Connell, left Ireland to enter the French service at the age of fourteen, and he rose so rapidly, that I was inspired by his example with an ambition to distinguish myself. I always had one object in my ambitious views, and that was to do something for Ireland. My family had ever been Jacobites, as was only natural, from the persecution the Catholics suffered. But they committed no overt acts of Jacobitism—their zeal extended no further than keeping a print of the Pretender in the house. When the first Emancipation Acts passed in 1778 and 1782, their speculative Jacobitism was very much melted away, as they saw the prospect opening to them of doing well under the reigning dynasty."

Walking from Hillgrove to Cahirciveen, O'Connell said, "Do you see that large stone in yonder field? It was the scene of an encounter I had with a bull when I was a lad—he ran after me, and my retreat was cut off by a high ditch—so I faced about and threw a stone at his forehead that stunned him. That gave me time, before he could recover himself; and in the meanwhile a number of boys came to my assistance and fairly stoned him out of the field."

(To be continued.)

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* The seat of Mr. Primrose.

* *i.e.* "take a *shy* at him."

† Cleh-alpeen, a bludgeon.

HINTS TO FARMERS.

GALLS ON HORSES.

An ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. It is bad economy to use a poor harness. The collar, especially, should always be in good condition. It should be frequently washed and oiled; an occasional pounding will keep it soft and in good shape. Whenever it becomes thin or broken, pads should be worn underneath it. Galls are often caused by putting horses to hard work all at once, after a period of rest, as in the Spring, after the rest of Winter. As a means of preparing the horse for such work, it is well to bathe his breast and with a solution of alumn and whiskey for several days before the labor begins. It is well to use this preparation also at any other time when the skin seems tender. We have known small sores to heal up entirely under the use of this remedy, even though the horse was kept at work. It is another excellent preventative of galls to bathe the shoulders and breast of a working horse once or twice a week, at night with salt and water, washing off the same with pure water in the morning. When the skin becomes badly broken, a horse should be allowed a few days rest, or if work is very pressing the harness should be so padded as not to irritate the sore; otherwise, it will be vain to expect a cure. Some of our neighbors use white lead, mixed with linseed oil, (common paint,) to cure galls. And they often succeed with it; at least they get a hard incrustation over the broken skin. But we hardly fancy this *tanning* a horse's hide while he is yet wearing it.

SAWDUST FOR LITTERING STABLES.

This is quite valuable to absorb the liquids and to prevent the foul odors arising from stables. If ammonia is one of the most powerful fertilizers, why should not the greatest pains be taken to save it? For this purpose sawdust is just the thing. It is useful also on the score of the horse's health and comfort. It is injurious to an animal's feet to stand in the liquids of his stall: it is hurtful to his eyes and his stomach, and his lungs, to remain long in an atmosphere charged with the powerful vapors arising from those liquids. We wonder that the poor creatures stand it so well as they do. Dry muck answers very well to scatter daily in the stables, though sawdust is much neater. It is quite important, however, in clearing out the stalls daily, to mix a little muck or plaster with the sawdust and manure to prevent the whole from violent fermentation.

NATIVE AND FOREIGN TREES.

We are not insensible to the superior beauty and value of some foreign ornamental trees. Our pleasure grounds could ill spare the Norway Spruce, Siberian Arbor Vitæ, Swedish Juniper, Scotch Larch, the Linden, Mountain Ash, &c., &c. But we fear that the richness of our own forests is unappreciated by many planters; to some, perhaps, it is unknown. Let it not be forgotten that we have fifty species of oaks in North America, while all Europe has only thirty. North America has forty species of pines and firs—the United States over twenty—while Europe has only fourteen species. Who, among our readers, has pride enough to collect all the native trees which will grow in his latitude? We would travel many miles to inspect such a collection.

SETTING FENCE POSTS.

We hear frequent complaints of the perishableness of fence posts set in the ordinary way. And to the suggestion that the lower end of the posts should be charred, it is replied that while charring benefits the outside of the timber, it cracks it open so that water penetrates the wood still further, and causes a rapid decay in the interior. Let us make another suggestion. Char the lower end of the post for eighteen inches or two feet, so that about six inches of the charred part will be above the surface of the ground. Have in readiness a kettle of hot coal tar, (a cheap article,) and plunge into it the lower end of each post; or apply the tar with a brush, taking pains to get it into the crevices. A second application is desirable, as soon as the first becomes dry, and will make the timber water-proof for many years.

Description of Nena Sahib.—The *Mofussilite*, of India, gives the following description of Nena Sahib: "The Nena is forty-two years of age, hair black, complexion light wheat colored, large eyes, and flat round face. He is understood now to wear a beard; height about 5 feet 8 inches. He wears his hair very short, (or, at least, did so,) leaving only as much as a skull cap could cover; he is full in person and of powerful frame; he has not the Mahratta hooked nose, with broad nostrils, but a straight, well-shaped one. He has a servant who never leaves his side."

LATEST IRISH NEWS.

Antrim.

A meeting was held in Belfast, the Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of considering the condition of the operative classes. The attendance was respectable, and the speeches and resolutions conceived in a kindly spirit. About £300 were subscribed before the termination of the meeting. On the same evening a meeting of operatives was held, and was very numerously attended, when it was resolved to support the hands on strike.

Carlow.

During the performance of Divine Service, in the Protestant Church, two stones were thrown from an adjoining lane, and two panes of glass broken in one of the windows of the south gallery. Some of the constabulary who were present during service left the church, and instituted in vain a search for the miscreants guilty of this cowardly outrage, which could not fail to accomplish its purpose had the usual occupants of the pews near the window been present at the time. We hope for the character of a civilized community, that this disgraceful conduct will not be repeated. It is probable, if a suitable reward were offered for the discovery of the parties, they would be traced and brought to Justice.—*Sentinel.*

A farmer residing on the borders of the county Kilkenny was returning home from this town, in company with two neighbors, after transacting some business, and on arriving at Clogrenane, he left his companions, and went into the lock-keeper's house, for the purpose of procuring fire with which to light his pipe. After waiting for some time, and their friend not joining them, a search was instituted and inquiries made, but without success. It is supposed that the man, after leaving the lock-keeper's house, missed his way, and fell into the river, when he was unfortunately drowned.—*Ibid.*

Clare.

The remains of the late Nicholas Purcell O'Gorman were brought to Ennis on Sunday evening, and lay in the parish Chapel until Tuesday morning, when they were conveyed to their final resting-place at Kilnaboy, near Corofin, accompanied by several of the inhabitants. Had it been generally known very many would have attended.—*Journal.*

Cork.

A fire took place at Piltown Mills, near Youghal, the property of Peter M. Fisher, Esq. This mill, which is complex in its character, being worked by steam and water, is frequently at work day and night. The watchman first perceived signs of fire about one o'clock in the morning, and gave the alarm. The most persevering exertions failed in subduing the devouring element, and in a few hours the whole concern was burnt to the ground. The building, machinery and stock were insured, and have been for the last thirty years.

The Palmerston and Orwell encountered very heavy weather on their passage from Cork, with the 77th Regiment. The former vessel had no deaths during the passage, but on board the Orwell, a melancholy accident occurred on the 17th of August. A soldier fell overboard during a heavy gale, and a boat containing seven hands was lowered to endeavor to save him, when the boat swamped, and five of her crew were drowned.

Dublin.

Dr. Cullen's letter has fallen like an avalanche among the herd who anticipated a rich harvest of plunder and proselytism from the proceeds of what they termed the "Patriotic Fund." These rogues conjectured that an immense amount would be derived from the pockets of Catholics, that hope frustrated, it is amusing to listen to the disconsolate ravings of the pack. Here is a specimen, which we take from one of their organs. It says: "We are authorized to state upon 'authority' (mark the word) that out of the £14,000 now in bank for the relief of the Indian sufferers, the entire sum contributed by our Roman Catholic countrymen is £320. It is now self-evident that Dr. Cullen's object was attained by the publication of his letter from Rome. A few honorable men of his communion subscribed; but the great mass of the mercantile classes did not contribute a farthing! This is of little consequence, there are ample funds to provide for the widows and orphans of the gallant men who fell in India, without distinction of name, creed, or color, without infusing the religious element into a question of charity, or raising the war-whoop of bigotry, of which Dr. Cullen so adroitly availed himself, without a fact or a single argument to urge against 'the Commissioners of the Patriotic Fund.'"

The Commission of Oyer and Terminer was opened by the Lord Mayor, and Justices Crampton and Perrin. Mr. Crampton said—Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of the city of Dublin, I cannot but congratulate you upon the state of the city calendar at the present commission. There are but two cases appearing on my list. I do not remember at any period of my sitting in this place a more favorable calendar than that which we have now to dispose of. It indicates remarkably, indeed, an absence of crime in the city of Dublin since the last commission. Mr. Foreman and Gentlemen of the Grand Jury of the county of Dublin, I can't exactly say the same with respect to your calendar as I have said about the calendar for the city; at the same time it is not a heavy one. There are but six cases altogether, and one of them is a case of a serious kind—but not of a most serious kind—a case of manslaughter. Helen Roberts, a postmistress, who was convicted at the last commission of forging an endorsement on a foreign bill of exchange, was placed at the bar, and sentenced to three years' penal servitude.

A search for books and prints of an immoral and debasing tendency, such as was recently instituted in London under the new act of Lord Campbell, took place in this city with the most successful results. For months past it had been known to the police that prints and publications of a character opposed to all propriety and decency had been so skilfully conducted as to render detection impossible. The search was of the most prolonged and harassing nature, the specimens of the moral filth being concealed in bags, under heaps of rags, and in the most unlikely and intricate hiding places. The spoils having been duly seized and carried off, summonses were served upon the proprietors of these several establishments, enforcing their attendance at College street Police Office before the magistrates, who have the power of returning them to stand their trial for a misdemeanor. The prints, &c., will be destroyed when the proper time arrives.—*Saunders.*

Dr. Kirwan held an inquest, at 29 Tighe street, on the body of John Walsh, aged 70, who was found dead in the cellar of his house. It appeared from the evidence that the deceased had been a man of very eccentric habits, and had subsisted almost entirely upon tea, which he was in the habit of taking five or six times every day; he had been of a very taciturn disposition, as, according to the evidence of his landlord, he would not speak more than half a dozen words during the year; on one occasion he told his landlord that he had never slept in a bed for the last thirty-six years; he was missed, and, no answer being received by persons knocking at his door, it was forced open, and he was found lying in a cellar quite dead. Surgeon Porter stated that the deceased's death was caused by jaundice accelerated by want of proper clothing and by destitution. A verdict in accordance with the evidence was returned by the jury.

In the Court of Common Pleas, an interesting case of breach of promise of marriage was tried, in which Miss E. Heard, of Farley, (daughter of the late Captain Heard,) was plaintiff, and Mr. Robert Longfield, of Mallow, defendant. It appeared that Mr. Longfield had engaged to marry Miss Heard, but was subsequently united to a Miss Gumbleton, a ward in Chancery. The defence was, that Mr. Longfield was not an accountable being, inasmuch as he was of constant drunken habits, which was proved by his brother-in-law, Rev. William Nelligan, of Cork, who deposed that as long as he knew him he never saw him sober! There was a verdict for plaintiff, £300 damages and costs.

The Committee for raising the statute in the Hall of the Four Courts to the memory of the late Lord Plunket met a few days since to examine the models sent in for competition by eminent sculptors. There were nine models sent in, and out of the number the Committee selected one by Mr. MacDowell, and one by Mr. Moore, as being of superior merit, and those sculptors were directed to prepare new models with certain modifications suggested by the Committee. The model statuette by Mr. MacDowell is especially life-like and spirited. He has adopted the modern costume.

The sale of the vast estates of the late Marquis of Thomond has been completed in the Incumbered Estates Court, and the gross amount realized each day thus: First day, £56,540; second day, £67,905; third day, £100,831; to which is to be added the sums produced by the lots sold by private contract, £13,401. Rostellan Castle and demesne, part of the Cork estate, was also put up, but the sale was adjourned when the biddings had reached £21,500, or about twenty-one years' purchase on a valuation of £1,009 a year.

At a meeting of the Royal Agricultural Society for Ireland, held in Dublin, the invitation of the North West Society having been read, it was resolved that the annual show for 1858 should be held in Derry.

In the Rolls Court, Dublin, a will was proved executed in 1689, setting forth that the rent should not be payable or recoverable until a Protestant Lord Lieutenant should preside in Ireland, and Protestant Judges sit in the Court of King's Bench.

Galway.

Bernard O'Flaherty, Esq., of Ardmore, intending to visit the Continent, has resigned the honor of being High Sheriff of Galway for the present. John Wilson Lynch, Esq., of Renmore Lodge, being second upon the list, has accepted the appointment, and has nominated Joseph M'Donnell, Esq., of College Road, as his under sheriff.

Kerry.

The *Kerry Post* says: "During the storm that blew on Thursday night and yesterday morning two vessels were driven into Dingle Bay by stress of weather. One is a Greek ship, with her masts cut away, driven upon Inch, and abandoned by her crew, who, it is believed, got safely ashore on the Iveragh side. The hull held together up to last night. The other is a British vessel, manned by fifteen hands, laden with Indian corn. She cast anchor under Redcliffe, and, though she dragged a good deal, held off the cliff till the weather moderated. Some fishermen got on board, and she has been extricated from her dangerous position, and taken into Dingle harbor."

Kilkenny.

Mr. Corballis, Q. C., Law Adviser to the Irish Government, has been appointed to the vacant chairmanship of the County Kilkenny. Mr. Lawson, Q. C., has been appointed Law Adviser to the Irish Government, in the room of Mr. Corballis. Mr. Lawson, although still amongst the junior Queen's Counsel, occupies a foremost rank in the profession. He is a Protestant of liberal principles, and his manly and energetic struggle in support of those principles, at the last University election, is fresh in the recollection of all friends of liberal government in Ireland.—*Dublin Telegraph.*

King's County.

Judgments in ejectment in the superior courts having been obtained, at the suit of Mrs. Graves, Cloghan Castle, King's County, against several tenants, and writs of habere having been issued, William Cuffe, Esq., subsheriff, attended at Cloghan Castle, for the purpose of executing them. In consequence of some well-founded apprehensions as to resistance being offered, Cuffe deemed it advisable to procure the assistance and protection of a party of police, and accordingly he was accompanied by a head-constable and thirty constables and sub-constables under the command of Sub-Inspector Hill, Parsonstown. Eleven families, consisting of nearly 60 individuals, were under this process put out of possession of their residences and lands. Nine dwelling-houses were levelled to the ground. Two houses remained standing for the reception, &c., of the caretakers. There was no actual demonstration of resistance against these proceedings; but the demeanor of the peasantry whilst witnessing them indicated strong feelings of resentment, which within a few hours were practically developed by the setting on fire of the best of the two standing houses, which took place on that night, and resulted in its entire destruction.—*Saunders.*

Longford.

The Clerk of the Peace for Longford has published the revised lists of the County parliamentary voters for the year commencing the 1st December, 1857, and ending the 30th November, 1858. From these lists it appears that the constituency has been very considerably increased. In 1856-7, the voters on the register numbered 2,577—for the coming year (1857-8) they number 2,889—being an increase of 112.

Louth.

"Reminiscences of Louth," by William Brett, is the title of a work of considerable interest, which should be in the possession of every man in this county, who desires to know its political history since the day when Ireland was plundered of her parliament. The author, Mr. Brett, is the well-known editor of a talented newspaper, the Louth *Free Press*, published in Dundalk from 1829 to 1836, and which rendered important services to the people in the struggle for Reform. We have read these "Reminiscences of Louth" with great pleasure. We find in them an interesting narrative of the deeds of the Fosters, Bellews, M'Clintocks, Fortescues, Jocelyns, O'Reillys and other aspirants to political distinction, and a spirited account of the great struggle of 1826, when the immortal Alexander Dawson, with the courage of a hero, evoked the latent spirit of the 40s. freeholders, and aided by the Marmions, M'Alesters and other patriots, carried the banner of the people to victory. As we have before stated, Mr. Brett's work should be found in the hands of every man in Louth who wishes to learn the local political history for half a century. The work also contains letters from Mr. Sheil, Mr. O'Connell, Mr. Fitzgerald, Mr. S. Crawford, and Mr. N. P. O'Gorman, which will be found very interesting. The work can be had by applying to any of the booksellers in Dundalk; price, 2s. 6d.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

Gallagher, the gifted ventriloquist and comic delineator of Irish character, is all but an ubiquitous personage. During the present week he has been setting audiences "in a roar" at Navan and Kells, and appeared in one of his most novel entertainments in Drogheda on the 14th ult., and after paid a flying visit to "the city of the violated treaty."

Mayo.

The House of Commons has ordered the issuing of a writ for holding an election in the county of Mayo, and it is probable that the electors of that patriotic county will be called on to return a representative about "the days of Christmas." What candidates may offer themselves for the vacant seat is not yet publicly known; but that disgraced and disgraceful Whig, Colonel Higgins, will not be amongst the number. Knowing that his conduct has caused him to be execrated by every honest man in Ireland, and that he would be driven like a fugitive from Mayo, should he dare to set foot inside its borders, he has issued an address to the electors, declaring that he is afraid to appear there again, and resigning his determination to become a candidate.—*Dundalk Democrat.*

The writ for the election of a member of parliament for this county was issued from the Hanaper Office. The sub-sheriff, James Ruttledge, Esq., made proclamation for the holding of the election, which was fixed for Wednesday, the 30th Dec., the longest day allowed by law, or entrusted to the discretion of the High Sheriff for the holding of same. We understand that already requisitions have been forwarded for a goodly array of troops to be present at the election, we should rather say at the nomination.—*Constitution.*

Whilst the Rt. Rev. Dr. Durcan, Bishop of Achonry, was addressing the congregation in the old chapel of Ballaghaderin almost the entire of the ceiling of the sanctuary dropped down. His lordship saw by accident some sign of what was about to occur, and instantly ran off the altar and flung himself across the rails. Had he not done this almost as quick as thought the diocese of Achonry should have to lament the untimely death of its pious and truly beloved Bishop.

The *Tuam Herald* states that it is understood Mr. V. O'Conor Blake, of Towerhill, will be a candidate for the county of Mayo.

Meath.

The sum of £21 4s. was recently collected for the Little Sisters of the Poor in the parish of Rahan, diocese of Meath, under the direction of the Rev. Thomas Byrne, P.P.

Tipperary.

The recognizances to the petition of John Joseph Scully, complaining that general and extensive bribery prevailed at the last election for Cashel, have been declared unobjectionable.

A mounted policeman got drunk and lost £20 in Clonmel, which he had received to pay his comrades.

Several of the persons arrested for the murder of Mr. Ellis have been discharged.

Waterford.

Mr. Maguire, M.P., delivered a lecture in the Town Hall of Waterford, for the benefit of the St. Patrick's Young Men's Society of that city. The great hall was densely crowded, not fewer than from 800 to 900 being present, including a vast number of the leading Catholics and several Protestants. On the conclusion of the lecture, a vote of thanks was proposed by the Mayor, and seconded by the Mayor elect, and carried by acclamation. The chair was filled by the Rev. Mr. Kent, P.P., of St. Patrick's, and Spiritual Director of the Society.—*Cork Examiner.*

A Russian vessel, laden with corn, was driven into the Bay of Tramore, and has anchored about a quarter of a mile from the shore, opposite the Rabbit-borough. Such is the awful agitation of the sea, that it is as yet quite impossible to hold any communication with her. A Pilot boat from Dunmore endeavored to near her, but found it impossible to do so, such is the tremendous violence of the gale blowing from the S. W. It is feared she will be driven ashore.—*Mail.*

William Scanlan, assistant to Mr. Richard Burke, Clerk of the Union, abstracted from a desk in his small office in the workhouse, notes, gold and silver, to the amount of £40 4s. 6d., with which he decamped. He has not been heard of since. Scanlan had been formerly a pauper inmate of the workhouse, and Mr. Burke, after having trained him to office business, got him discharged from off the books, and put him under salary.—*Ibid.*

A young man named Walsh was returning on horseback to his house at Moneyvro, near Cappoquin, after selling some corn at Clogheen, when, on crossing the river Finisk, he lost his seat (as is supposed) at a part of the river where horses, &c., watered, as he was found drowned next day a little further down the river. Mr. Dennehy (coroner) held an inquest—verdict, "Accidental death."—*Ibid.*

Wexford.

It is gratifying to observe, that the people of the county, in order to promote the better

observance of the sanctity of the holidays, have come to the conclusion of not attending fairs and markets on those days; and in order that the public interest may not suffer thereby, they propose holding the markets on the days previous and the fairs on the days subsequent to the Holidays. These changes, coupled with the rigid enforcement—by the estimable Ordinary of the Diocese, the Right Rev. Dr. Furlong—of the rule putting down Sunday traffic, and particularly the sale of ardent spirits, will, with the Divine assistance, lead to the social and moral elevation of our county at no distant day.—*Independent.*

At the Enniscorthy Petty Sessions—Magistrates in attendance, Sir Thomas J. Fetherston, Bart., Bernard O'Flaherty, and Wm. James Wallace, Esqrs.—Mrs. Kennedy, Publican, was summoned for refusing to allow two soldiers of the Wexford Militia, billeted at her house, the use of the fire for cooking their dinner. Lieutenant Ogle appeared for the prosecution, and Mr. Corcoran for the defence. The charge having been proved, Mr. Corcoran mentioned that the 69th sec. of the Mutiny Act did not extend to Ireland, and the case was adjourned to enable the Bench to obtain the opinion of the law advisers of the Crown.—*Ibid.*

The Friars of the Franciscan Convent beg to offer their most grateful acknowledgments to the friends and benefactors of their Establishment who have enabled them to bring nearly to completion the improvements of their old Church. Among the names of contributors published is that of Sir James Power, who is the unostentatious supporter of almost every work of charity here and elsewhere.—*Ibid*

We are happy to see that, under the auspices of our present enlightened and painstaking Chief Magistrate, John Coghlan, Esq., the town is likely to have not only its streets but its flagging greatly improved, Mr. Cowman having taken presentments to accomplish these objects.—*Ibid.*

A considerable number of inhabitants assembled on the quays and at the dock-yard to witness that grand spectacle—a launch. The vessel on this occasion is schooner built, burthen 170 tons, and is registered at Lloyd's as a first class for nine years. She is the third ship which has been built by Mr. Sparrow for the same company. Her hull, spars, &c., are of the most symmetrical formation, and she was bedizened from bowsprit to boom with streamers, which fluttered gaily in the evening breeze. She was named "The Twin Sister." It is expected the Twin Sister will leave here before long for a voyage across channel.—*People.*

CATHOLIC YOUNG MEN'S SOCIETY—LECTURE ON INDIA.

A Lecture on "India, its Conquest, and Early Commercial History," was delivered to the members of the above Society and a very numerous audience, including a large number of ladies, in the Music Hall, by Mark S. O'Shaughnessy, Esq., Barrister-at-law. Among those present were the Very Rev. Dr. Spratt, the Very Rev. Dr. Russell, O.P.; the Rev. Father Towers; John O'Brien, D.L.; Henry Russell, Esq., Barrister; Anthony Keogh, Esq., Barrister; Edward Maguire, Esq., J.P.; George W. Abraham, Esq., Barrister; W. Gernon, Esq.; Doctor M'Swiney, Catholic University; John C. Whyte, Esq., Barrister; William Woodlock, Esq., Barrister, John C. Neligan, Esq., Barrister; Michael Angelo Hayes, Esq., Terence O'Reilly, Jun., Esq., Solicitor; C. P. Ralph, Esq., Joseph Fogarty, Esq., Barrister; John O'Leary, Esq., Barrister; R. L. Kane, Esq., Solicitor; Thomas Cosgrave, Esq., &c., &c.

After some introductory remarks upon the interest which in the minds of the subjects of a vast empire attaches to its dependencies, the learned gentleman proceeded to point out the history of India and the circumstances which led to its present situation as a most suitable subject of investigation under existing circumstances. He then proceeded to trace from the earliest times the trade carried on with the East. From the story of Joseph's captivity we learn that the productions of India were then prized by other nations, and in Solomon's time the wisdom of the East was proverbial. Tracing the route of Alexander the Great, and elucidating the modern geography of the places named by references to Diodorus, Siculus, and Strabo, he showed how the Greek power was put an end to in India, and was succeeded to by the Tartars. The modes of communication were then stated, and Horace, Juvenal, and other authors quoted to show the general use of Indian production about the time of the birth of Christ. The routes through Egypt, by the Caspian Sea, and through Palmyra, were described, and the importance attached to the commerce was thus shown. The state of Rome and its connection with India was then traced to the fall of Constantinople, and the results of the growth of Mahommedan power upon the trade of India were explained, and the advance of Tamerlane into the country was described. The circumstances which led to the rise of the commercial importance of the Venetians, the Genoese, and the Florentines, the progress of maritime enterprise, and the discoveries of the great Portuguese navigators were referred to, and the account of the Portuguese empire formed by Albuquerque in India led to a most interesting narrative of the labors of the great Jesuit Apostle, St. Francis Xavier in those countries. The learned lecturer next proceeded to show how the Dutch interfered with the trade of Portugal, and how it was that the friendship then existing between the united provinces, and Queen Elizabeth led to the formation of the East India Company in 1599. The successive acquisitions of the Company were next narrated, and the stories of Clive and of Hastings led to a spirited account of the distinguished part played by Irishmen—Burke and Sheridan—upon the memorable occasion of the impeachment of Hastings. The administrations of the Marquis Wellesley, of Lord Moira, Lord William Bentinck, and other governors, and the steps taken by them to increase the British power were traced down to the war when Lord Keane distinguished himself, which the lecturer described in these words: "The assault upon Ghuznee was made on the 23d of July, 1839. The fortress was considered one of the strongest places in Asia, and garrisoned as it then was by 3,500 men under the command of their Prince Hyder Khan, the son of Dost Mahommed, its capture may well have been described as one of the most brilliant exploits in modern warfare, and a grateful Sovereign recognized the importance of the service by elevating the successful general to the peerage. He was our countryman—not alone upon the floor of the Senate, or in the walks of literature, not alone among the writers, the orators, the statesmen, whose words influence English opinion, and impart dignity to the English language, do Irishmen hold honored places; in every path of danger, in every field of honor they are to be found too, and while along the bristling line many a bayonet is grasped by the honest hand of an Irish soldier, and while the wild rush of its resistless advance owes its impulse to the fierce courage of Irish hearts, not seldom, as in the bloody breach at Ghuznee, it is the voice of an Irish leader that calls the soldiery of England to victory. (Long and rapturous applause.) And while we are speaking of this I am tempted to infringe for a moment upon the rule I had laid down for myself (not to refer to the present war), and to remind you that one of its heroes came from the ranks of the army—I mean Corporal Cavanagh—(loud cheers)—and while well-merited honors have been showered upon the generals who survive, and have been scattered with a generous hand upon the graves of those who have fallen, as yet we have heard of no proposition to honor the memory of the humble hero, of that brave soldier upon whose breast his General, Havelock, said he would have been proud to have affixed the Cross of the Order of Valor." The lecturer then traced subsequent events down to the time of the annexation of Oude by Lord Canning, a tribute being paid in passing to the valor of Lord Gough, and was concluded by some suitable Christian reflections upon the fall of empires.

The Very Rev. Dr. Spratt moved the Very Rev. Dr. Russell to the chair, and a vote of thanks to the lecturer, moved by Mr. Wm. Gernon and seconded by the Rev. Mr. Towers, was carried by acclamation, and acknowledged by Mr. O'Shaughnessy, after which the meeting separated.

LETTER FROM CHAS. GAVAN DUFFY.

TO THE BISHOP OF KERRY.

Melbourne, September 13th, 1857.

My Dear Lord:—I was glad to receive your kind letter. Before it came to hand the Government of which I was a member was overthrown by a "No Popery" howl. A curious fate and experience mine have been, to be howled at in both ends of the earth, by parties more asunder than the Antipodes, on diametrically opposite grounds of complaint! Yonder for betraying the interests of religion; here for being its slave and missionary. I wonder if I had stopped at the equator would they have done me the justice in those latitudes of admitting that I belong to neither Antipodes of opinion.

I send you by this post an act passed in our Parliament, while Lord Palmerston was refusing to alter the Catholic Oath. It abolishes all distinctions in oath-taking, adopting a common form for all, in reference to the scruples of Catholics on the subject, and "acknowledges and establishes perfect civil equality irrespective of religious belief."

We got this act in return for consenting to abolish state aid to religion. The Catholic people are perfectly able and willing to pay their clergy, and have the same dislike they had at home to any connexion between themselves and the state; but they were eager to have their religious equality recognized by law past all dispute; and now it is done.

I knew perfectly well the O'Shaughnessy Ministry would have to face a tempest of bigotry. Believe me, my dear Lord, always faithfully yours,

Charles Gavan Duffy.

The Right Rev. Dr. Moriarty.

NARROW ESCAPE OF SIR COLIN CAMPBELL.

Sir Colin Campbell has had a run for his life. The first sight he caught of the Sepoys so affected him that he fled back ten miles of the road he had travelled. A letter from Benares, dated 31st October, details the cause of his flight. It says: "The Commander-in-Chief has come and gone. He arrived today at nine, A.M., and started for Allahabad at one, P.M. On this side of Shergotty the Commander-in-Chief's party came across, most unexpectedly, a detachment of the fugitive and mutinous 32d, and were very nearly caught by them. Had the garries been five hundred yards further on the road, the whole party would have been cut off to a man, for they were proceeding without an escort of any kind. These gallant Sepoys were seen travelling like gentlemen on elephants, of which fourteen were counted, and were also escorted by twenty-five sowars, who hovered some time about the carriages. As soon as this cavalcade was perceived, the carriages turned back, and retraced their steps for ten miles till they came up with a bullock train party. Some of Sir Colin's companions, it is said, seeing the smallness of the Sepoy force, were for attacking and 'dispersing' them, but the brave Commander-in-Chief would not hear of it. The Sepoys did not perceive the British party; had the recognition been mutual, it is very probable Sir Colin would never have reached the bullock-train."

Lectures on Australia.—The Very Rev. Dr. Cahill delivered in the Lecture Hall of the Mechanics' Institution the first of a course of six lectures on Australia, before a very numerous audience. The first lecture consisted of general views in connection with the subject, and a narrative of the various discoveries and explorations in the country. It is unnecessary to say that the very rev. lecturer succeeded in making his discourse interesting, entertaining, and instructive to his audience. This very comprehensive and suggestive subject, which the very rev. lecturer has selected for this course of lectures, will enbrace a great variety of most interesting topics: such as the agricultural, the social and commercial character of the colony; statistical accounts of the produce of the gold digging, the progress of immigration, and of the comparative advantages to be derived by settlers in America or Australia, for the proper treatment of all of which the high character as a lecturer of the Very Rev. Dr. Cahill is the very best guarantee that need be required. This course of lectures promises to be the most interesting and successful that has been delivered for some time.

Pauperism in the United Kingdom.—A return to an order of the House of Commons made last session, on the motion of Mr. Bland, M.P., shows that there were 56,892 paupers in the workouses of the Irish unions on Lady Day last, and that the amount of "establishment charges" for the year terminating on that day was £171,000. Besides the above paupers, 828 were in receipt of out relief on Lady Day last. There is workhouse room in Ireland for 197,839 paupers. The gross total number of paupers relieved in England on the 25th of March last was 897,445, which number refers to a population of 17,666,030, and excludes lunatic paupers and vagrants relieved out of doors. The total number of paupers relieved in Scotland on Lady Day last amounted to 92,213.

CATHOLIC INTELLIGENCE.

Foreign.

Clonmel Festival of the Immaculate Conception.—The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was observed in the Church of Saint Francis, Clonmel, with peculiar solemnity and respect, and a Novena in honor of the event was conducted by the good Fathers of the Order. The altar of the beautiful Abbey, which, from its antiquity, pleads proudly for "the days that are gone," was tastefully adorned with flowers and wax lights, and the entire arrangements showed the anxious desire of the Reverend Fathers to conduct the august festival with the dignity and respect with which the Church so sweetly invests it. Mass was celebrated at seven o'clock, and long before that hour the Church was crowded by the pious clients of the Immaculate Queen of Love, many of them coming from a distance to testify the ardor of their devotion in her honor. The Adorable Sacrifice was again offered up at eight o'clock. There was a solemn High Mass at ten o'clock, at which the Very Rev. Wm. Doyle, O.S.F., of Wexford, acted as celebrant, assisted by the Rev. Messrs. Prendergast and Power as deacon and sub-deacon. In the evening a beautiful argumentative and impressive sermon, explanatory of the dogma of the Immaculate Conception, was delivered by the Very Rev. Dr. Doyle, O.S.F. It would be difficult to find words to give an idea of the happy sensations which his brilliant discourse evoked. He reviewed the opinions of the early Fathers, Origen St. Jerome, St. Augustine, St. Bernard, John Dun Scotus, &c., with respect to the all-consoling dogma of the Immaculate Conception of the Holy Virgin, and showed from the concurrent testimony of the Saints and Doctors of the Church in old ages, as well as the veneration and love which the children of our dear land have ever cherished towards her, even in centuries far remote, when persecution raged against the votaries of the true faith, when her holy men and fairest daughters in their hallowed homes and monasteries kept watch over the valleys, the mountain tops, and the rocks of the ocean, chanting the hymn of praise in her honor from matin bell to vesper chime, that the general belief was entertained that Mary was conceived free from the least stain of sin, and entitled to the homage and veneration of the whole human race, on account of the dignity with which she was invested in being deemed worthy to become the Mother of our Divine Lord and Saviour, and that, notwithstanding the fact that the privilege was reserved for our day to have the dogma of her Immaculate Conception declared to be an article of faith—that the belief of her sanctity had at all times, and in all ages, been entertained by the entire Christian world. The sermon of the eloquent divine was heard with profound attention throughout.

Profession of a Nun in the Presentation Convent, Drogheda.—On Thursday, the 3d inst., the Feast of St. Francis Xavier, Miss Cummins, daughter of Bernard Cummins, Esq., of Ballygar, county Galway, made her solemn vows in presence of the Most Rev. Dr. Dixon, Primate of all Ireland. His Grace officiated, and delivered an impressive discourse on the religious state, and the obligations contracted by, and the rewards prepared for, those who remain faithful to their sacred duties. The friends of the religious and a number of the clergy of the town and vicinity were present on the occasion. —*Drogheda Argus.*

Charity Sermon in Newry—The Sisters of Mercy.—On Sunday, Dec. 6th, a charity sermon was preached by the Right Rev. Dr. Leahy, Coadjutor Bishop, in the Catholic Cathedral, Newry, in aid of the poor visited by the Sisters of Mercy, and by the members of the Society of St. Vincent de Paul. The sermon was announced to be preached by the Rev. Dr. O'Brien, of All Hallows College, Drumcondra, near Dublin; but, owing to the illness of that Rev. gentleman, he was unable to attend, and his place was admirably taken by the excellent Bishop.

On the seventeenth anniversary of the arrival of the remains of Napoleon I., in Paris, a Mass in commemoration of that event was celebrated in the Church of the Invalides. The Church was crowded to excess. There was a double line of old soldiers in the nave of the Church, wearing the uniform of the first empire. One of them carried a flag. After Mass was concluded and the "De Profundis" chanted, those wearing the medals of St. Helena were admitted to make a visit to the tomb of the Emperor, and to contemplate his coffin placed in the Chapel of St. Jerome.—*French paper.*

The Sisters of Mercy acknowledge the receipt of £45 from the executor of the late Mr. John Downey, of Adare.

A new Catholic Chapel is about to be erected at Portlaw, county Waterford.

Domestic.

Diocese of Nashville.—On the 8th ultimo was recorded the laying of the corner stone of the Catholic Church in Edgefield, near this city; and I feel much pleasure in having now to state, that it is now finished, and has been solemnly dedicated by our beloved and Right Reverend Bishop, in his usual solemn manner. Owing to the profound respect in which his Lordship is held by all classes of the community, although many non-Catholics were present, nothing occurred, during the interesting and edifying ceremonies, to mar the heartfelt satisfaction and pleasure which he must have experienced at this further proof of the increase of Catholicity in his diocese, to the interests of which he is so entirely devoted. It was a matter of agreeable surprise and conversation to many as they left the Church to find that in the short space of a few weeks so neat and substantial a church has sprung up in their midst. It is built of brick in the Gothic style of architecture. No doubt it speaks well for the zeal of the Pastor and the piety of the people to do so much in so short a time, particularly as the Church is nearly paid for.—*Cor. of the Pittsburgh Catholic.*

Cathedral Collection.—As the usual time for closing the subscription lists for the Cathedral, that they may be embodied in the Annual Report, approaches, the pastors, who as yet have made no collection, are requested to do so, and those who have made one, to send on the list of their subscribers for publication. A large sum subscribed remains as yet unpaid. It would be very desirable that, as far as possible, these subscriptions should be paid, to enable us to meet the outlay this year, as well as the balance due on contracts made some time since, but not completed until this season.—*Philadelphia Herald and Visitor.*

Confirmations.—The Right Rev. Bishop Neumann conferred the sacrament of Confirmation on one hundred and seventy persons in the Church of St. Boniface, St. Clair, Schuylkill County, Pa.—*Ibid.*

FOREIGN MISCELLANY.

WHAT NATIONS FOUGHT FOR ABOUT A CENTURY AGO.—Seeing such accounts of press-gangs in the papers, and such falling of stocks, you will wonder that, in my last, I did not drop a military syllable. Alas! when I had a civil war all over my own person, you must not wonder, unpatriotic as it was, that I forgot my country. But I ought not to call ignorance forgetfulness; I did not even know with whom we were going to war; and now that I know with whom, I do not know that we are going to war. England that lives in the north of Europe, and Spain that dwells in the south, are vehemently angry with one another about a morsel of rock that lies somewhere at the very bottom of America,—for modern nations are too neighborly to quarrel about anything that lies so near them as in the same quarter of the globe. Pray, mind; we dethrone Nabobs in the most north-east corner of the Indies; the Czarina sends a fleet from the Pole to besiege Constantinople; and Spain huffs, and we arm, for one of the extremities of the southern hemisphere. It takes a twelvemonth for any one of us to arrive at our object, and almost another twelvemonth before we can learn what we have been about. Your patriarchs, who lived eight or nine hundred years, could afford to wait eighteen or twenty months for the post coming in, but it is too ridiculous in our post-diluvian circumstances. By next century, I suppose, we shall fight for the Dog Star and the Great Bear.—*Horace Walpole.*

WHO BUILT BALBEC?—Lamartine has the following speculation in reply to this question: "It is alleged that not far from Balbec, in a valley of the Anti-Libanus, human bones of immense magnitude have been found. Oriental traditions, and the monument erected on what is called the Tomb of Noah, mark this spot as the dwelling place of the patriarch. The first generation of his descendants probably long retained the gigantic stature and strength assigned to man, before the total or partial submersion of the globe. These monuments may be their work. Even supposing that the human race had never exceeded its present proportions, it is possible that the properties of human intelligence may have undergone a change. Who can say but that primitive intelligence might have invented mechanical powers capable of moving, like grains of dust, masses which an army of 100,000 men could not shake? Be this as it may, it is certain that some of the stones at Balbec, which are 65 feet long, 20 broad, and 15 thick, are the most prodigious masses which have ever been moved by human power. The largest stones in the pyramids of Egypt do not exceed 18 feet; and these are only exceptional blocks, placed for the sake of peculiar solidity in some parts of the edifice."

HIGH-PRICED WINES.—The bidding for the famous pipe of Madeira, at the sale of the effects of the late Duchess de Raguse, has caused a great commotion in Paris. This famous wine, known to all as the "1814 pipe," was fished up near Antwerp in 1814, where it had lain in the carcase of a ship wrecked at the mouth of the Scheld in 1778, and which had lain there ever since. As soon as the valuable discovery was known, Louis XVIII. despatched an agent to secure the precious relic. A share of the glorious beverage was presented to the French consul, who had assisted at its discovery, and thus it came into the cellars of the Duc de Raguse. Only four-and-forty bottles were remaining, and these have been literally sold for their weight in gold to Rothschild, who was opposed by Veron and Milland. Veron was angry because he declared that he had made the reputation of the wine, by mentioning it in his memoirs, on the occasion of the dinner given to Taglioni, by the Duchess de Raguse, whereat the famous "1814" was produced, as the greatest honor to be paid to the great artist.

TRUE BENEFICENCE.—An old man of the name of Guyot lived and died in the town of Marseilles, in France. He amassed a large fortune by the most laborious industry, and the severest habits of abstinence and privation. His neighbors considered him a miser, and thought he was hoarding up money for mean and avaricious motives. The populace pursued him whenever he appeared with hootings and execrations, and the boys sometimes threw stones at him. He at length died, and in his will were found the following words: "Having observed from my infancy that the poor of Marseilles are ill-supplied with water, which can only be purchased at a great price, I have cheerfully labored the whole of my life to procure for them this great blessing; and I direct that the whole of my property shall be laid out in building an aqueduct for their use."

THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH AND THE INDEPENDENCE OF POLAND.—In a speech by Prince Czartoayn, delivered in Paris on the anniversary of the Polish insurrection, he declares that during the late Russian war the Emperor of the French proposed the re-establishment of Poland, but that England resisted. Alluding to the treaty of Paris, he said the peace of Paris had restored to Europe the condition in which it was previously to the war.

FROZEN IN.—According to the last accounts from Cronstadt, nearly 100 foreign vessels are locked up by the ice in the port and roadstead, and it is more than probable that they will not be set free until about the month of May next. Some of these vessels are in such imminent danger that it has been thought indispensable to discharge their cargoes, and convey the merchandise over the ice, and deposit it in warehouses in the town.

FAMINE AMONG THE CAFFRES.—Extract of a letter written by the wife of an English settler, dated King William's Town, South Africa, August 2, 1857: "Flour is £3 the 100lb., and every day our house is surrounded with starving creatures—women nothing but skin and bone, children of all ages, some of 10 or 12 years, not able to stand, actually dying, not able even to eat. Sometimes I try to pour a little wine down their throats, half-afraid all the time it may be too much for them; and to see young babies clutch a piece of bread, while another screams frantically at the sight of it! God help us all! How can I refuse to give them bread while a morsel remains in the house? I can only trust in His mercy to feed my little ones. The worst of it is they all come to the *moie missus*. As I pass the streets to my teaching they say, *moie, moie, bamie moie*, 'good, good, very good.' Actually one woman offered me her child for 6d. to buy bread. They are the most affectionate of parents, yet they are now killing their own children for food."

IMPROVEMENTS IN EGYPT.—The Viceroy of Egypt, stimulated by the prospect of a greatly improved revenue, is making a vigorous effort to complete the railway from Cairo to Suez; and he is now inclined to carry out the project of continuing the line to Ataka, (a port ten miles to the south of Suez, and far superior to it in many respects,) and construct there a landing pier, to which vessels could approach to discharge their cargoes, by which the harbor would be made more secure and capable of accommodating the steamers from India, the Egyptian steamers, and all sailing vessels coming up the Red Sea, thus obviating the great inconveniences existing at Suez, where they have to lie off some three miles from the shore in an open roadstead, without any shelter, the passengers and cargoes having to be landed at considerable expense and some risk.

DEVOTEDNESS OF A KING.—A Lisbon letter relates the following anecdote of the young King of Portugal in one of his visits to the military hospital: "Approaching a bed on which was lying the trumpeter of a cavalry regiment, he stooped down, and throwing his arms round the almost inanimate body of the patient, cried out with a firm but kindly voice: 'Cheer up, friend, cheer up! You are not going to die yet. Take courage! I am sure I shall one of these days hear the sound of your trumpet under the windows of my palace!' The sick man seemed to rouse up at the sound of the young King's voice, his eyes opened, and a faint color rose to his cheek. He pressed his sovereign's hand in token of gratitude, and from that moment revived to existence, and he is now not only out of danger, but recovering rapidly."

SERFDOM.—Some interesting details have been received relative to the reforms in contemplation by the Czar in the situation of the serfs. These reforms will, it is said, consist, first, of the right accorded to the serfs to marry without the consent of their master; secondly, corporal punishments can no longer be inflicted, except on the sentence of a communal tribunal; thirdly, the master cannot, at his own will, take the peasant from the plough to make him a servant, or assign him any other employment; and fourthly, the peasant can no longer be transferred from one village to another.

THE MONT CENIS TUNNEL.—The preparatory works of this gigantic undertaking have already, made considerable progress. Near Modane, on the Savoy side, extensive workshops and storehouses have been erected, one of these buildings is not less than 200 feet in length, and a shaft has been sunk in the side of the mountain, in such a situation that the workmen will be able to continue their operations during the winter, sheltered from the snows and storms. On the Piedmont side at Bardoneoche, similar preparations have been made, as well as a road up to the entrance of the proposed tunnel.

ECLIPSES IN 1858.—During 1858 there will be two eclipses of the sun and two of the moon. The first, an annular eclipse of the sun, will take place on the 15th March, and will begin on the earth thirty-one minutes past nine, A.M., and end thirty-nine minutes past two, P.M. There will be a total eclipse of the sun September 7, 1858. It will begin on the earth thirty-three minutes past eleven, A.M., and end forty-four minutes past four, P.M. Their will be two partial eclipses of the moon visible here—the one on February 27, and the other on August 28.

The celebrated traveller from New Zealand, whom Baron Macaulay saw on London-bridge, has just published, in ninety-nine volumes, an account of his peregrinations. He says, "The ancient English appear to have made considerable progress in civilization, notwithstading the low state of the arts and sciences. They seem to have had some knowledge of the topography of one side of the moon, the side next the planet, for they certainly make mention of the man in the moon, but they had no definite ideas of the other side. In a fossil manuscript which I exhumed when excavating near the ruins of St. Paul's (and where, no doubt, stood the city of London—the Scarlet Lady alluded to in the Revelations, and mentioned in 'Junius,' Cobbett, and other powerful historians), mention is made of iron milestones, wooden paving-stones, and brass candlesticks, a very positive proof of their polishment."—*Melbourne Truthteller*, 31st Feb., 2957.

The Emperor of Austria has appointed a distinguished Irishman, Colonel the Chevalier Daniel O'Connell O'Connor, military commandant of the city of Mantua, the strongest fortress in the Austrian dominions. The chevalier is the nephew of O'Connell, and brother of the Rev. Charles James O'Connor.

General Piobert, of the French Artillery, has made a discovery by which the explosion of gunpowder in magazines may be prevented. It consists simply in mixing the gunpowder with coal dust. When the gunpowder is required for use, it is only necessary to sift it; the coal dust falls through the sieve, and the gunpowder resumes its original qualities. The experiment has been tried on a large scale with complete success. A magazine filled with gunpowder so mixed was set on fire. "No explosion took place," says the *Moniteur d l'Armee*. "The gunpowder burned like other combustible matters, such as pitch or tar, and the fire was extinguished with common pumps."

The latest news from India confirms the statements made by the British residents at Calcutta, with respect to the probable duration of the civil war in that vast peninsula. Contrary to general expectation, the fall of Delhi, by dispersing the most daring of the insurgents, has spread the revolutionary mania from Bombay on the one side to Lahore on the other. Several native chiefs, hitherto neutral, have declared against us, and there have been more mutinies on the part of some of the native regiments.—*Hull Advertiser.*

The salaries of the governors of the Australian colonies are as follow: New South Wales, Sir Wm. Denison, £7,000; Victoria, Sir Henry Barkly, £10,000; Tasmania, Sir H. F. Fox Young, £4,000, and a colonial allowance of £2,500 for contingent expenses; South Australia, Sir Richard Graves Macdonnell, £4,000; Western Australia, Mr. Arthur Edward Kennedy, £1,800; and New Zealand, Colonel Thos. Gore Brown, £2,000.

An official statement from Lisbon, received *via* Madrid, announces that up to the 17th November 10,556 people had been attacked by the yellow fever, of whom 3,350 had died. The official return gives the number of new cases reported daily as between 150 and 200; it had formerly been as high as 229. Advices of the 30th state that the fever was abating, and that it had assumed a less virulent form.

It is a common story now among all gentlemen of the French Court to declare that, when the Emperor went to Osborne, in August, he was distinctly asked to send some French regiments to India, and that he replied that "the cause of England was not sufficiently popular in France for him to be able to do this without a very large compensation."

In the recent visit of the Pope to Civita Vecchia, Chef-de-Bataillon Foucher, of the 40th French Regiment, who commands the place, informed his Holiness that the inhabitants wished to see part of the fortifications demolished, in order to allow the town to be enlarged. The Holy Father gave orders that the demolition should be effected.

A report is in circulation that Mr. Scott Russell, the builder of the Leviathan, offered to launch her for £50,000. This was thought extravagant, and Mr. Brunel undertook to perform the task for £10,000. It is said that the unsuccessful efforts to set her afloat have already cost upwards of £70,000.

Principle now-a-days has degenerated so much into expediency that it has given rise to the following comparison: "Now-a-days principle is a kind of ballast, like the ballast in a baloon, which must be thrown overboard if the traveller wishes to rise. It keeps you steady, but it keeps you down."

"Intelligence," says the *Pays*, "has been received from Pondicherry to the 5th November. At that date the situation of the French establishments in India continued to be most satisfactory."

A wealthy military officer recently presented a newsboy on the Great Western Railway with £100. This disposition was awakened in consequence of his exact resemblance to a departed child.

The celebrated statuary, Ranch, died on the 3rd ult., at Dresden. He was born on the 22nd January, 1777, at Orolsen. His most important work is the monument of Frederick the Great at Berlin.

The landowners and corn merchants in Poland are in great difficulties from the impossibility of disposing of corn even at the reduced prices in sufficient quantity to meet their payments.

Madame Lind Goldschmidt is, it is said, about to give, with the assistance of her husband, a grand concert, in aid of the funds for the erection of a monument to Handel in the town of Halle.

The precise number of men slain and wounded at Delhi stands as follows: During the assault, 1,170 men, and 66 officers; during the siege and assault, 4,000 men and 220 officers.

Beranger's autobiography has been published; it is full of anecdotes about Tallyrand, Fouche Desaugiers, B. Constant, Lafitte, Manuel, Chateaubriand, and Hugo.

Le Nord says that the Porte has interdicted the publication at Constantinople of the proceedings of the Moldo-Wallachian Divans.

Queen Bess, when she visited Worcester, borrowed £200 of the Corporation, which still stands as a bad debt on the town books.

Lisbon has a new patriarch. The crown has appointed Rodriguez, Bishop of Coimbra, to the vacancy.

Tennyson, the poet, is said to be a hopeless victim to the use of opium.

Miss Balfe is now in Paris, and is, it is said, likely to obtain some engagement there.

Mr. W. T. Moncrieff, the well-known dramatic writer, died recently.

HOME MISCELLANY.

THE CITY OF CHICAGO.—Chicago is situated at the mouth of the Chicago River, on Lake Michigan. The main body of the river sets back about one mile into the city, then divides into two branches, both of which have a pretty uniform depth of twelve to fifteen feet, all making a commodious and almost unlimited barbor for an immense amount of shipping. The city borders on a wide, rich, and beautiful prairie, extending in different directions for many miles, and which is handsomely diversified by groves and strips of timber springing up at intervals along the banks on the lake shore, furnishing a diversified picture, which is greatly enhanced by gardens and villas. Milwaukie is the only city of the West that has progressed at a more rapid rate within the past ten years. In 1830 Chicago was a mere trading post, and in 1840 it had only 4,470 inhabitants. In 1850 its population amounted to 29,963, being an increase of 25,493 within the decade. Latrobe, an intelligent traveller, who visited Chicago in 1833, thus describes it: "This little mushroom town is situated on the verge of a level tract of country, far the greater part consisting of open prairie land, at a point where a small river, whose sources interlock—in the wet season—with those of the Illinois River, enters Lake Michigan. It, however, forms no harbor; and vessels must anchor in the open lake, which spreads to the horizon, on the north and east, in a sheet of uniform extent." The contrast between Chicago of 1833 and Chicago of the present day is truly startling; and the writer of twenty years ago, had he been told that his "mushroom town" was so soon to become the focus of a commerce equal to that enjoyed by many of the States of Europe, would he have credited so unprecedented a fact, or would he not have considered the prognostication the emanation of a crazy brain?

LAND SLIDE AT CATSKILL.—A Catskill correspondent of the N. Y. *Commercial* describes a land slide which occurred near that place recently. So noiseless and gradual was it at its commencement, that a woman, who with her little boy, was returning home from church, entered upon the footpath which crossed the tract removed, without noticing any movement, nor did she discover it until her attention was called to it by the little boy, who asked her what made the ground rise up so behind them; and then without waiting for an answer, exclaimed, "Mother, see here, the ground is moving here, too!" She then discovered her danger, and catching hold of the boy's hand commenced running, but in her fright and confusion in no particular direction nor for any definite point. She succeeded in reaching a spot that remained unmoved. She says she recollects little about the adventure except in her flight she was obliged in several instances to jump across fissures that opened before her as she was running, and was two or three times thrown down by the concussion caused by masses of earth coming in contact. I saw some large trees that were removed some ten or twelve rods. They retained their perpendicular position, the earth around their roots not having been disturbed. There are those residing here who say they recollect a similar slide but of less magnitude, in the same vicinity, between sixty and seventy years since.

BUSINESS IN RHODE ISLAND.—The Providence *Journal* publishes a detailed statement of the effects of the panic on manufacturers in Rhode Island. The number of cotton-mills which stopped entirely counted up a total of 502,291 spindles, and employed 9,661 operatives, all of whom were thrown out of employment. The cotton-mills still running number 216,828 spindles, and employ 4,070 workmen. The number of woollen-mills which have been stopped, or are running less than full time, is 55. Eleven woollen-mills are still running full time, employing 1,222 hands. The *Journal* adds: "The mills, particularly the woollen, that are stopping, will about equal those that are starting, and the aggregate of suspended labor will not, from present appearances, be greatly changed. A revival of business cannot be looked for till, among other improvements, the acceptances of the commission merchants are made more desirable than they are at present."

HAVE WE A REBEL IN CONGRESS.—John M. Bernhisel has taken his seat in the House of Representatives as a delegate from Utah Territory. Is Mr. Bernhisel entitled to a seat on behalf of that Territory, which the President, in his Message, proclaims as in a state of rebellion, and to put down which both the President and Secretary of War demand the raising of certain additional regiments? We think not. If Mr. Bernhisel is a Mormon, he owes implicit obedience to the will of Brigham Young. The President says "there no longer remains any government in Utah but the despotism of Brigham Young," and that "he has already committed acts of hostility against the United States." If, therefore, Mr. Barnhisel is only a representative of rebellion against the United States, we think it is at least worth the consideration of the Congress of those States whether he is to have a seat in that body or not.—*The States.*

NEW BANK IN HOBOKEN.—A new banking institution is being organized in the above place, under the name of "The Marine Bank of Hoboken," with a capital of $100,000. It is to operate under the general banking law of New Jersey; and will start with a circulation of $30,000, this amount of approved securities having already been deposited with the State Treasurer. The banking-house is located on the corner of Washington and First streets.

A Desperate Beggar.—About 3 o'clock Sunday afternoon, a strange man knocked at the door of Mr. Samuel Harris's house in Gold street, and begged that Mrs. H. would give him something to eat. She set before him a quantity of food, but the fellow found fault with it, and said he wanted something better. Being told that it was such as the family ate, and that it was all he could have, he made an assault upon Mrs. Harris, but before he cculd do her any injury, Mr. H. came to her rescue and drove the fellow out of the house. At the same time Mr. Harris's son and another man came along, and gave the man a good beating. As soon as the elder Mr. H. returned to the house, he fainted and fell upon the floor, when it was ascertained that in the scuffle he had been stabbed by his assailant. The wound inflicted, which is in the arm, was no doubt done with a dirk knife. It is not of a dangerous nature. The police were informed of the affair, and a search was made for the assailant, who was suffered to go before it was known that Mr. H. was wounded; but he has not yet been found. The person above referred to answers the description given of Stoub, the Westfield murderer, and it is generally believed that it is him. He was seen in the neighborhood of Mr. Harris's house last evening, and some fifty or more men were in pursuit of him.—*New Haven Journal.*

The Sonora Mines.—More than a century ago the richness of the Sonora mines attracted the attention of the whole civilized world. At that time the mine of Arazuma was the wonder of the age, and so enormous was the amount of silver taken out of it, that the idea pretty generally prevailed that in it silver had been created by some natural process. And, indeed, the facts which were brought to light, gave a color of probability to the theory. In a decree issued by Philip V., of Spain, and dated Aranjuez, May 28, 1741, it is stated that balls, sheets, and other pieces of silver discovered, amounted to one hundred and sixty-five arobas eight pounds, in all, 5,133 pounds, and in it particular mention was made of one mass of pure silver weighing 2,700 pounds, and another of 275 pounds, which, as a great natural curiosity, the King stated should have been sent to Madrid.

To the Corn Growers of the West.—A correspondent in the Cincinnati *Gazette* says: "It is well known by all farmers who have taken the trouble to examine this season's crop of corn, that it does not harden; and from the fact the late sharp freeze took place immediately after heavy rains, all standing corn was more or less frozen, (indeed some of it solid,) and such as was put up in shock had not only stood a good chance to be nipped by the frost, but from the soft state it was in when gathered had a great tendency to sweat. These facts combined will, in a great measure, destroy its germinating powers. And it behooves all farmers to commence at once and select their seed corn for the ensuing planting, and unless they do, their labor will be in vain, and we shall hear more complaint of corn not coming up than ever before."

Earthquake.—On Wednesday, 23d, an earthquake was felt in this village, says the Brunswick *Telegraph*, sufficiently severe to excite some little alarm. The disturbance is described as being severer in the towns up river than at this point. Houses were shaken and crockery rattled merrily in the shops. At Lewiston, the *Advocate* says, a chimney was thrown down, and the ceiling in both depot buildings was torn off. The sound of the phenomenon was at first like the sharp explosion of a cannon or powder-mill, followed by a prolonged rumbling. A correspondent, writing from Gardiner on the same day, says: "We had a heavy shock of an earthquake here this day, which really alarmed people, causing them to rush into the streets. Buildings were forcibly shaken and even cracked."

The Kansas Difficulty.—Kansas advices to the 24th December, just received, say that civil war is raging in Bourbon County. Several conflicts have taken place between Free-State and Pro-Slavery parties, and a number of prisoners have been taken on both sides. The United States Marshal, with a force of eighty men, demanded the surrender of a Free-State party, and the demand was answered by a volley of musket balls. The fire was returned, and the fight lasted an hour, when the Pro-Slavery men retreated with the loss of one man killed, and two mortally wounded. The United States Marshal was dangerously wounded. General Lane was entrenched at Sugar Mound, and determined to fight the dragoons if they attacked him. A battle was regarded as inevitable.

Large Game.—The Sonoma County (California) *Herald* says that an elk, weighing some 800 pounds, was shot one day last week within a few miles of Healdsburgh, Sonoma County. His antlers measured four feet across, and weighed thirty pounds. Deers are said to be in great quantities in that vicinity, many of which are being killed and sent into markets. Another paper says that the open fields are at the present time covered with innumerable quantities of wild geese, which are in such numbers as to almost blacken the earth. The thickets and brush piles are alive with hair and quails, and the hills and valleys at the foot of the Coast Range are covered with deer and grizzlies.

Shameful!—On the 21st of November last, six of the Catholic pupils at the Naval School in Annapolis, Md., were refused upon their written application the privilege of hearing Mass on the next day (Sunday). And we are living in the 19th century!—*Catholic Mirror of the 12th December.*

Singular Recovery of Money Lost.—John Post, residing at Pascack, Bergen Co., N. Y., had two purses stolen from his house, containing in all over $300. Not having any clue to the thief, he got one of his neighbors, J. C. Westervelt, to accompany him to New York, when they called on a fortune-teller. After studying the case, the fortune-teller informed her visitors that the money had been hidden in a hay barrack, and if anywhere would there be found. Mr. Post returned home, and carefully searched the hay in a barrack within a short distance of his residence, which had been partially described by the fortune-teller, and, strange to say, found the two purses which had been stolen with the money, and $164 in cash. The balance of the money is still missing."

Incense Tree—Oyster Bed on a Mountain.—A California paper says that in the mountains of San Antonio, eighty miles south of Monterey, and one thousand feet above the sea, the rare and highly-esteemed incense tree has been discovered, blooming with remarkable vigor and redundancy. This tree is used in several church ceremonies, and has not before been discovered in California. It is found in some parts of South America and Asia, where it is held in high esteem. On the same mountain, about twenty miles from the sea coast, a large bed of petrified oysters was discovered, and above them a heavy growth of timber, many of the trees being three feet in diameter. These facts present new features for the investigation of geologists.

A Jump for Life.—An old veteran of the war of 1815, 73 years of age, named Matthew Van Kleek, of Dutchess County, while crossing a bridge on the railroad track, below the town of Milton, on the Hudson River Railroad, last week, heard the Express train as it was rounding a curve a short distance behind him. The train was upon the same track, no time was to be lost, the river was below him, but a more horrible death behind, and with one spring Uncle Matty (as he is generally called) jumped into the water. The next instant the train had passed. Fortunately Mr. Van Kleek's two nephews, as well as the flagman of the company, saw the leap which the old gentleman made, and were quickly upon the spot, when he was hauled up and landed on terra firma.

A Boy fond of Reading.—One of the best holiday stories is of an honest old covey who entered a bookstore the other day and inquired if they kept books to sell. Being answered affirmatively, he proceeded to say that he had a boy at home about eighteen years old who was very fond of reading, and never having made him a present, he thought he would "go in" this year. "Spose you want a book cost seventy-five cents or a dollar?" said the clerk. "Seventy-five cents!" exclaimed the man, "never hearn of such a price for reading! Let us see some of your small books." These were examined and a thin picture-book at five cents was selected as suitable for a boy only eighteen years old, who was very fond of reading.

Embryo Assassins.—A Washington paper, in speaking of the recent enactment against carrying concealed weapons, says: "There is no good man, old or young, but will rejoice at this enactment, which at once strikes away one of those rank features of savage life with which society has of late been marked. Nine-tenths of our young men, for a year or two past, have gone about our city—metropolis as it is of the world's great Christian Republic—armed with knife and revolver, as if they were traversing the country of the ruthless Camanche or sneaking Apache. How inconsistent this is with our national reputation and standing before the world, need only be stated to be understood."

Singular Death.—Mr. Samuel King, of Rising Sun, Indiana, rowed his children across the river to school, and returning remarked to a neighbor that it was the last time he should cross. He told his wife that he should not live, and wished to tell her all about his affairs. She listened patiently from deep sympathy, but not dreaming of his death. He, however, shortly laid down and died, from no apparent cause but the deep grief and mortification caused by his pecuniary troubles, his creditors having come on from New York and closed his store on account of debts contracted by his partner, as Mr. King alleged.

Visit of Calhoun's Widow to his Tomb.—The widow of the immortal Calhoun recently visited the tomb of her husband, at St. Philip's Church. The visit was affecting—the widow never having been in the city since the demise of her illustrious husband—and her simple and unaffected exclamation of, "and is this the tomb of *my husband?*" brought tears to the eyes of those who accompanied her. From the graveyard, the widow then visited the statue at the City Hall, and, after contemplating it in all its bearings, in melancholy silence, pronounced it a *very good likeness.—Charleston News.*

Strange Disease among the Deer.—The Georgia, Wire Grass *Reporter* says, the deer are dying in great numbers in the southern portion of that State. Many have been found dead in the woods, and many others caught by dogs after a short chase. A hunter discovered a large buck by hearing him cough, a few days since, and killed him. The blood was thin and watery, and the joints seemed to be blood-shot.

An Editor gone to the Poor-House.—In the Muscatine *Journal* of the 10th, we find the following: "The editor departed for the poor-house in custody of Judge Thayer, this afternoon. He will probably report from that institution to-morrow. In the meantime, he entreats delinquent subscribers not to allow 'conscious remorse' to affect them too much."

Arrivals at the Ohio Penitentiary.—An old man and his little son, twelve years of age, were brought by railroad from Ottawa, having been sentenced to the Penitentiary for the crime of larceny. The clanking of the chains which bound father to son is said to have smote the hearts of the other passengers with sympathy for the son and scorn and contempt for the father. To make the picture more repulsive, the wife and mother has already received her sentence for the same offence, and will be brought to the State prison as soon as she recovers from an attack of illness.

Race with a Catamount.—We learn, says the Chicago *Journal*, from the engineer of the Waukegan accommodation train, that when the train came near Rockland Station he noticed upon the track a large catamount. He judged it would weigh eighty pounds. The engineer put on the steam and gave him chase. The animal kept the track for a mile or more, looking back at the iron horse as it steadily gained on him. When the train overtook him he left the track and stopped and looked upon it as it passed him.

A Discovery.—A writer in *Graham's Magazine* for January urges that the real Louis Napoleon died in a fit, in a drinking house in New York, some years since, and that a Yankee named Bowen, who had long been his companion in dissipation, assumed his name, sailed immediately for Europe, attended Queen Hortense as her son in her dying moments, imposed himself upon the French people as a genuine Bonaparte, and finally succeeded in reaching the Imperial throne.

The Kentucky Legislature.—The editor of the Bardstown *Gazette*, writing from Frankfort, says that the Legislature of that State "is composed of fine-looking, well-dressed, and well-behaved men, and that among the whole number there are but five drunkards, and only some eight or ten fools—a smaller number than was ever counted in any previous General Assembly."

Newspapers in Vermont.—The Irasburg *Standard* is offered for sale, and the St. Johnsbury *Caledonian* states that it has "chronicled the death of thirteen Vermont papers within the past year, and it is a notorious fact, that what remain, are not well sustained."

The Blessings of a City Government.—The estimates for our City expenses for 1858 reach the enormous amount of nearly $8,500,000, which is said to be equal to a tax of $300,000,000 for the country at large.

"A short time since," says the *Old Mountaineer*, "a company of miners on Jamison Creek requested a comrade, who was going to a neighboring camp, to borrow the Life of Jim Beckwourth. He made his desires known, and was handed by accident a copy of the Bible, and not being able to read, did not discover the mistake. Taking the book home, one of the company, who could read a little by spelling the hard words, opened in the Book of Judges and read the story, aloud, of Sisera being killed by Jael, Heber's wife, with a hammer and a nail. The story was listened to with profound attention until finished, when one of the listeners jumped up and exclaimed, 'One of Jim Beckwourth's lies! It sounds adzactly like him!'"

From a computation recently made it is calculated there are in occupation 150,000 acres of improved and 300,000 acres of unimproved lands in Oregon. The value of farms is estimated at $5,000,000 and the total value of live stock at $2,500,000. The total number of acres of surveyed lands west of the Cascade Mountains is 5,705,553. Number of acres yet to be surveyed 230,400. This land is all susceptible of cultivation. Exclusive of this, there is east of the Cascade Mountains a vast scope of country peculiarly adapted for grazing, which will probably be settled and become a separate Territory or State, as the case may be.

The Cincinnati *Commercial* says that desertions from the army are very frequent. Three weeks ago, no less than twenty-three were court-martialled at the Newport barracks for that offence and drunkenness, and were sentenced to flogging—fifty lashes on the bare back—branding with the letter D in Indian ink on the left thigh, and, lastly, to be drummed out of service. The sentences were transmitted to headquarters and eleven were remitted of the punishment, but twelve are to suffer the punishment. Flogging is barbarous enough, but branding in this enlightened age is infamous.

Indian rubber shoes are now made by machinery. There is no sewing or stitching in the operation. Such is the adhesive nature of the substance, that whenever two surfaces are brought together, they unite as firmly as if they had never been separated by pressure. When the shoe is made, it is coated with a resinous varnish, and thrust into an oven, where it remains until it is thoroughly dried. The sheets of rubber are cut up one day, the shoes are made the next, are packed ready for the market on the third.

The body of the wife of P. W. Tompkins, former member of Congress from Kentucky, after being buried 17 years, was lately taken up and found to be in a perfect state of preservation, the features natural and the hair as flexible as in life. She was buried in a zinc coffin filled with alcohol, and the coffin packed in charcoal.

To give brilliancy to the eyes, shut them early at night and open them early in the morning; let the mind be constantly intent on the acquisition of human knowledge, or the exercise of benevolent feelings. This will seldom fail to impart to the eyes an intelligent and amiable expression.

A fire broke out lately in the North Bridgewater depot, on the Fall River road, resulting from the working of the telegraph stationed in the building. The operator had locked up his office, and left a light burning on the table containing the telegraph machinery. He had been absent but a few minutes when the cry of fire was raised. The room was burst open and the flames soon extinguished. It is supposed that the telegraph was set in motion from Boston, and that the paper used for telegraphing continued to revolve till it came in contact with the lighted lamp, when it took fire, and communicating with some loose materials, came very near producing quite a conflagration.

A Brownsville correspondent of the *True Delta* alluding to the recent heavy fire in that city, says: "The authorities of our neighboring but foreign city of Matamoras kindly sent fifty men of their national guard to assist in checking the flames, and many of their principal citizens came over and labored heart and hand to arrest the flames. When it is recollected that the fire took place on the anniversary of the time when American filibusters fired, and in part sacked Matamoras, this action was an exemplification of such Christianity as is seldom seen now-a-days."

A letter in the Philadelphia *Ledger*, from Morgan County, Indiana, says: "We are here in the midst of a fertile, flourishing, agricultural community, and have not a sufficient amount of labor, either male or female, to satisfy the demand. Farm hands have been paid the past season from $16 to $20 per month and boarded, while it has been almost impossible to obtain female help at all; and the result has been that our wives and daughters have been compelled to labor much harder than they ought to have done."

It is said that the severity of a coming winter can be ascertained by the thickness of the corn husk. If the winter is to be severe the husk will be of a thick texture; if mild the green covering will be thin. This year the husks are stated to be very thin, thus presaging an open winter. The muskrat also proportions the thickness of his cell walls to the temperature of the coming winter, and this year he has built them thin.

Lieut. Beale, in charge of the expedition to establish a wagon-road from Fort Defiance to the Colorado River, has announced to the War Department his arrival in California, and the establishment of a fine road over the whole distance. The success of the expedition has been expedited in a great measure by the use of the camels attached to it, which have been subjected to trials that no other animals could possibly have endured.

The winter has set in at Lake Superior. The ice extends in a solid body from Copper Harbor to a point twenty miles above Eagle River, stretching out five miles into the Lake, and is from two to six inches thick. Copper was being drawn by teams upon the ice in Ontonagon River. The snow was from two and a half to three feet deep, and the cold at times most intense.

A bill to punish professional gamblers *by schipping* has passed the lower house of the South Carolina Legislature. It provides that in addition to the punishment already provided by law, that the guilty party shall receive not to exceed thirty-nine lashes. The papers do not state whether stock gambles are included in the benificent provisions of this bill.

The San Antonio *Texan* reports an Indian fight somewhere between San Diego and Eagle Pass, in which Lieutenant Witherell with ten men recaptured quite a number of horses and mules taken in the vicinity of Fort Clark, killed the chief and wounded two others of his party.

It is understood that the venerable Josiah Quincy is writing a Life of John Quincy Adams, and that all the voluminous papers left by the latter have been placed in his hands for that purpose. It is thought that part at least of the work will be ready for publication in February.

The new Treasury notes will be issued in a few days. Contracts for engraving the plates have already been made. The denominations of the notes will be one hundred, five hundred, and one thousand dollars.

Some emigrants across the plains recently found two dogs lying by one of the many graves marking the spot of recent massacres, that had watched upon the spot until they were emaciated almost to skin and bones.

Mr. Loring Wetherell of Worcester, Mass., has recently invented a machine for hoeing corn and other field crops, by which it is calculated that one horse will easily perform the labor of 12 men in the cultivation of the soil.

There are seven and a-half millions of dollars in the treasury of Cuba, and the Governor-General promises to send the Home Government twenty millions, next year.

On the 8th of January there were three conventions of the soldiers of the war of 1812—one in Washington, one in Philadelphia, and one in New York.

Edwin Booth, the young tragedian, is about to erect a monument over his father's remains, at Baltimore. He has selected Mr. Carew, of Boston, as the builder.

A movement has been made in Guilford County, North Carolina, for the erection of a monument to the memory of General Nathaniel Green.

It costs the New York Central Railroad Company one million three hundred and fifty thousand dollars a year for wood.

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*** Business Letters should be addressed to the "NEW YORK TABLET," 164 William st., New York.

*** Letters and Communications for the Editor should be addressed B. D. KILLIAN, TABLET Office, New York.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

R.—Madison, Wis.—You can get the work at Virtue & Co's. 26 John street, N. Y.

LINES

Suggested on hearing a child ask her mother "Where is Heaven?" and expressing a wish to see "Our Father."

Dear mother, I should like to see
Our Father, who's in Heaven,
He must be very kind and good;
You say to us He's given
All that we possess on earth—
Even our life he gives;
Dear mother, I should like to be
Where such a Father lives.

Is Heaven, dear mother, up among
Those little stars so bright,
Or is it in the sun that gives
Us so much heat and light?
Methinks that 'tis the eye of God
Peeps through each little star,
And watches o'er this world of ours
So careful from afar.

My child, the wisest of the wise
Among our fallen race
Have not received the light to know
Where is that happy place;
But some suppose when the just soul
Breaks through its mortal coil
It finds a heaven on earth where e'er
Its body ceased to toil.*

J. D. C.

* It is supposed by some that Heaven is really on earth, round about us, and that the just soul, on leaving the body, steps from darkness into light, in the very room or place where its body lies dead. This idea is strengthened by the fact related in the Scriptures—viz, that while our Angel Guardian is continually watching over us here below, it is also constantly looking on the face of God, who is in Heaven. J. D. C.

New York, Dec. 27, 1857.

NEW YORK TABLET.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JAN. 9, 1858.

THE ADMINISTRATION VASCILLATING.

ONE of the sorriest examples of diplomatic indecision which the world has ever witnessed is exhibited while we write at Washington. The Administration is fairly befogged in a cloud of contradictory counsels. Three days ago they were going to recall Commodore Paulding for arresting Walker, two days ago they were determined to prosecute the so-called "President" of Nicaragua for breaking the Neutrality Laws, yesterday they concluded to say that he was no longer under arrest, and Washington despatches of this morning assert that no opposition will be shown if he essay to leave again on his piratical expedition. Have we no Statesmen who know their own minds? Have we no determined Diplomacy in regard to the nations at the South? WANTED—An Andrew Jackson!

Brownson's Review for January has not yet come to hand. If we cannot receive it at the opening of the month, we must decline noticing it in the middle or the last.

THE STATISTICS OF LAST YEAR'S IMMIGRATION.

ACCORDING to official statistics the German Immigration for the past year is about 16,000 over the Irish, the latter being about 62,098, and from both sources this country has been enriched to the amount of thirteen millions of dollars in specie *alone!* If we were to count each adult immigrant at his intrinsic value as a factor of national wealth, our indebtedness to foreign emigration would assume a size which the most intolerant Know-Nothing could not contemplate without a shudder of satisfaction.

Strange as it may appear at first, the progress of expatriation does not retard the agricultural progress of Ireland. The Report of the Register General for 1857 shows that the number of statute acres under tillage is 5,860,000, being an increase of 106,562 over the area tilled in 1856. This addition to the extent of land under crops is composed of a gain in cereal crops of 2,508 acres, in green crops of 45,637, and of land under grass and clover of 66,634 acres, making in all 114,779 acres, from which a decrease in flax of 8,237 acres is to be taken. In the cereal crops, wheat shows an advance of 33,531 acres, compared with the previous year, and barley, rye, beans and pease of 27,536 acres; but oats show a decrease of 58,559 acres. In green crops, potatoes continue to be more extensively cultivated, 42,216 acres having been planted above the average reported in '56. Turnips, on the contrary, have diminished, 4,477 acres less having been sown than in '56, when there were more than 12,000 acres under the extent returned for 1855. Potatoes, therefore, appear to be still a favorite green crop of the farmer. Beet, Mangold-wurtzel, vetches, rape, carrots, parsnips and cabbages increase in cultivation, 1857 showing a gain in these crops of 7,908 acres above 1856, and of 12,858 acres above 1855, thus, in some degree, compensating for the falling off in turnips.

This progressive increase of land under tillage in Ireland is the more noteworthy, inasmuch as the continued emigration, chiefly to the United States and Canada, has reduced the population from 6,552,385 in 1851 to 6,047,492 on the 1st of January, 1857, and the latter number has been reduced to 6,015,768 to the 1st of September. To this diminution of the population may be ascribed the advance which has been gradually taking place in the price of labor since 1854, when attention was called to the subject by some of the witnesses examined before the Emigrant Ship Committee. As employment increases with the extension of the area under cultivation, the means and prospects of the laboring classes in Ireland have been gradually improving under the double operation of increasing demand and diminishing supply. The largest emigration from Irish ports was in the month of April, and the greatest number of passengers shipped from Belfast, Cork and Dublin. Munster supplied the largest proportion of emigrants, and two-fifths of the total number from this province came from the County of Cork. The smallest emigration was from Connaught, but the county whence the smallest number came was in Leinster—namely, Wicklow.

We refrain from giving any statistics of Irish live stock, favorable as they may seem, because we never can believe that sheep, cows and pigs, may be good substitutes for men.

The *Cincinnati Telegraph* very properly deprecates the habit into which some writers have fallen, of exaggerating the disposition towards Catholicity in the United States. There is no sensible reason for overstating the chances of the Church. Such conduct creates needless trepidation here, and excites hopes in other places only to disappoint them.

The *Metropolitan* begins the new year under the sole charge of M. J. Kerney, Esq., who has acted as its principal editor for three years. The number before us gives renewed evidence of his talent and assiduity.

ENGLISH TESTIMONY TO IRISH VIRTUE.

THERE are few adult readers of the TABLET unacquainted with the public life of the Irish in England. The wit and essayist in the Club Room or the Magazine, the artist in the studio or on the tragic boards, the soldier reaping well-won laurels, and the statesman paying illicit homage to a country hostile to his own, we have all met from time to time in the pages of miscellanies, or the cheaper form of the weekly newspaper. But the Irish who fret their lives out on the common stage of every day life—who eke a precarious livelihood from the prejudiced public—of them and theirs we are generally totally ignorant. What we *do* learn by chance comes to us tinctured by a bigotry to which saints might fear to trust their reputations; and we involuntarily wish to hear no news sooner than that which degrades us, by merely representing the shortcomings of our countrymen.

Mr. Mayhew's new book, "The Great World of London," is a work which gives an impartial estimate of Irish life and morals, so far as both have come under the observation of the author, and may be safely taken as an accurate witness. It is recommended by no less an authority than the *Dublin Review*. All the leading English journals speak well of it. It is therefore endorsed on both sides of the channel, and its statements have a weight to which no ephemeral squib, thrown out from this or that press, can lay claim. If we have any fault to find with it, it is that it confines itself, in a great degree, to our country-women, and but seldom glances at the other sex.

What, then, does Mr. Mayhew say of the Irishwomen of London? He speaks of their religion:

As regards the religion of the women in street trades, it is not difficult to describe it. The Irishwomen are Roman Catholics. Perhaps I am justified in saying that they are all of that faith. . . . The poor Irish females in London are for the most part regular in their attendance at Mass, and their constant association in their chapels is one of the links which keeps the street-Irishwomen so much distinct from the street-English. In the going to, and returning from, the Roman Catholic chapels, there is among these people—I was told by one of the most intelligent of them—a talk of family and secular matters—of the present too high price of oranges to leave full sixpence a day at two-a-penny, and the probable time when cherries would be "in" and cheap "plaze God to prosper them." In these colloquies, there is an absence of any interference by English street-sellers, and an unity of conversation and interest peculiarly Irish. It is thus that the tie of religion, working with the other causes, keeps the Irish in the London streets knitted to their own ways, and is likely to keep them so, and perhaps to add to their numbers.

It was necessary to write somewhat at length of so large a class of women who *are* professors of a religion, but of the others the details may be brief; for, as to the great majority, religion is almost a nonentity. . . . A few women street-sellers, however, *do* attend the Sunday Service of the Church of England. . . . A few others, perhaps about an equal number, attend dissenting places of worship of the various denominations—the Methodist chapels comprising more than half. If I may venture upon a calculation founded on the result of my inquiries, and on the information of others who felt an interest in the matter, I should say that about five female street-sellers attended Protestant places of worship in the ratio of a hundred attending the Roman Catholic chapels.

This is a favorable contrast, but there is yet a better:

As to the morality of the Irishwomen, the testimony of Mr. Mayhew confirms in a remarkable manner all that has been asserted. Of the women and girls who sell fruit in the streets, he says, that they "present two characteristics which distinguish them from the London costerwomen generally—they are chaste, and unlike 'the coster-girls,' very seldom form any connection without the sanction of the marriage-tie. They are, moreover, attentive to religious observances." Again, the amusements of the street Irish are not those of the English costermongers, though there are exceptions, of course, to the remark. The Irish fathers and mothers do not allow their daughters, even when they possess the means, to resort to the "penny gaffs" or "the two-penny hops" unaccompanied by them. . . . I may here observe, in reference to the statement that Irish parents will not expose their daughters to the risk of what they call corrupt influences—that when a young Irishwoman *does* break through the pale of chastity, she often becomes, as I was assured, one of the most violent and depraved of, perhaps, *the* most depraved class.

The difference in the street-traffic, as carried on by Englishwomen and Irishwomen, is marked enough. The Irishwoman's avocations are the least skilled and the least remunerative, but as regards mere toil, such as the carrying of a heavy burthen, are by far the most laborious. . . . The Irishwoman more readily unites begging with selling than the Englishwoman, and is far more fluent and even eloquent. She pays less regard to truth but she unquestionably pays a greater regard to chastity. When the uneducated Irishwoman, however, has fallen into licentious ways, she is, as I once heard it expressed, the most "savagely wicked" of any.

The single women in the street-callings are generally the daughters of street-sellers, but their number is not a twentieth of the others, excepting that they are the daughters of Irish parents. The costermongers' daughters either help their parents, with whom they reside, or carry on some similar trade; or they even form connections with the other sex, and easily sever the parental tie, which very probably has been far too lax or far too severe. . . . With the Irish girls the case is different; brought up to a street-life, used to whine and blarney, they grow up to womanhood in street-selling, and they rarely form impure connections, and as no one may be induced to offer them marriage, their life is often one of street-celibacy.

This is English testimony. It springs from no special love of our people. It is dictated by no sense of expediency. It runs against the grain of the public opinion where it is expressed, and deserves to be remembered as the candid author's opinion of the Irishwomen of London. How different is that given by Bayard Taylor on the Swedes and Finns?

THE ORPHAN ASYLUM GRANT AND THE BIGOTS.

Supreme Court—Special Term.

(Before Hon. Judge Davies.)

THE CATHOLIC ORPHAN ASYLUM GRANT.

DEC. 30.—*Terry vs. the Mayor, &c.*—This was a motion for an injunction against the city authorities, restraining them from fulfilling the grant of land to the Catholic Orphan Asylum, and which had been denied by Judge Davies some few days since. It now comes before the Court in another phase—namely, that one of the members of the Board of Common Council who granted the lease was an officer in the employ of the Federal Government, and that his interference in the matter rendered the grant void. *Decision reserved.—Herald,* Jan. 2d.

Does this mean that Judge Davies has granted an injunction at the prayer of Terry? If so, we trust Mr. Busteed, the Corporation Counsel, will not allow a grant evidently made in good faith, and for a most excellent charity, to be quashed on the above miserable pretext. If there be anything informal in the act of the Common Council it can surely be amended without injury to the Orphans.

CRIME IN NEW YORK—ONE YEAR'S WORK.

Total number of murders.....13
" " homicides.....50
" " suicides.....69

From these statistics it would appear that in London, with its 2 1-2 millions of population, life is safer than in this city of 750,000 inhabitants; and that, in the art of self-murder, considering our numbers, we distance even the great drowning and throat-cutting metropolis itself. If the pitch of heroism consists in a disregard for the "vital spark" as such, New York has no rival in the civilized world. Let us wear our honors meekly.

THE OSSIANIC SOCIETY.—The Third Annual Report of the Ossianic Society of Dublin comes to us in the preface pages of its last publication—THE PURSUIT OF DIARMUD AND GRAINNE—an Irish Romance—and shows that the body is rapidly increasing in numbers. *Tain Bo Chualinge*, or the Cattle Spoil of Cooley, a district in the County Louth, is to be the title of the next volume issued by the Society, which is indebted for the manuscript to our revered friend, the Rev. P. Lamb, P.P., Newtownhamilton, County Armagh.

The *American and Foreign Christian Union Magazine* for January accuses us of "misrepresenting and abusing the late Berlin Conference and some of the prominent members from this country who were present at its meetings." If the A. and F. C. U. M. will point out a single statement made in the TABLET not warranted by facts, we will become a Life Member of the *Union*.

Mr. O'Shea of Broadway has placed on our table a copy of the "Paradise of the Christian Soul," the admired compilation of Father Meilo, of Cologne. The engravings are excellent, the paper good, the type clear, and the book itself an admirable guide and assistant in every pious exercise.

The two holidays of last week, Christmas and New Years, have interfered with the present No. of the TABLET, by obliging us to get up a great amount of matter in the shortest possible time. We will have recovered lost hours before our next publication.

THE DISTINGUISHED DEAD OF 1857—IRISH BY BIRTH OR PARENTAGE.

In looking over our files we conceived that a summary of the distinguished dead of our race, in the year just closed, would be acceptable to our readers. The following will be found correct, so far as it goes:

February 24.—Rev. Thomas Dix Hincks, LL.D., Professor of Hebrew and the Oriental Languages in the Royal Belfast Academy, Ireland, aged 90 years. Dr. Hincks commenced the *Munster Farmer's Magazine*, a work which did much to raise the standard of farming in the South of Ireland. In 1846 he published in the *Annals and Magazine of Natural History* a paper "On Early Contributions to the Flora of Ireland." He was subsequently elected President of the Philosophical Society. Dr. H. was father of the celebrated Orientalist of that name.

March 4.—Suddenly, Father Paul Mary, of the order of the Passionists. The deceased Priest was son of the late and brother of the present Earl of Longford. He was nephew of the late Elizabeth, Duchess of Wellington, wife of the hero of Waterloo. He accompanied Queen Victoria to Ireland on the occasion of her first visit to that country, as one of her Aides-de-Camp, being then an officer in the Guards. He resigned the profession of arms on the occasion of his conversion to the Catholic faith, and joined the order of the "Barefooted Clerks of the Most Sacred Passion of our Lord Jesus Christ." On the opening of the "Retreat of Blessed Paul of the Cross," founder of the order of Passionists in Harold's-cross, he was appointed rector of the house.

March 26.—John M. Kemble, the well known Anglo-Saxon scholar, in Dublin, Ireland. Mr. Kemble was son of the late Charles Kemble, of stage celebrity, and graduated at Trinity College, Cambridge. While an under graduate he gave offence to the authorities by some indiscreet remarks at an examination, which drew upon him as a punishment that temporary suspension from the University which is technically called "rustication." During a part of his period of rustication he went to Hanover, and studied under the acquaintance of Professor Jacob Grimm. It was from his experience with Grimm that Kemble imbibed his taste for the study of the Anglo-Saxon language, which he afterwards pursued with so much success. He was an honorary member of the Royal Academies of Berlin, Gottingen and Munich, Fellow of the Royal Society of Copenhagen, Iceland, and Stockholm. Mr. Kemble's acknowledged works bear but a small proportion to the number of his contributions in print to the history, antiquities and philology of the Teutonic races. He wrote with facility both in German and English, and his "Stamm-Tafel" of the West Saxon Kings—in the former language—is not more remarkable for its original views and peculiar erudition than for the purity of its style. In his youth Mr. Kemble went to Gibraltar, and there joined a small party of Spaniards in an attempt to land on the Spanish coast and excite an insurrection. The conspirators had been betrayed to the authorities, and were surrounded by the government troops as soon as they reached the shore, and were all taken and condemned to death. Mr. Kemble was saved by urgent intercessions on the part of the representatives of England.

March 30.—Professor Tuomey, of Alabama. Professor Tuomey was a native of Ireland, and emigrated to Virginia at an early age. He was for several years the State Geologist of South Carolina. After a faithful performance of this laborious work he was called to the University of Alabama, and the Legislature of that State commissioned him to a similar survey of her territory. At the time of his death he was engaged, with Professor Holmes, in the publication of the "Fossils of South Carolina."

April 30.—Lieutenant Isaac G. Strain United States Navy, at Aspinwall, N. G. Lieutenant Strain was a son of Irish parents and emigrated at an early age, with his father, to Springfield, Ohio. Under the patronage of Gen. Sampson Mason, member of Congress, young Strain entered the service in 1837, as midshipman. The name of Lieutenant Strain is indissolubly united with the Darien Isthmus. That portion of the Western continent was a sealed book to civilized nations until the party led by Strain opened up the volume to science and the world. Strain started with his party of twenty-seven men, all told, in the month of January, 1854, the point of departure being Columbia bay, and their object Darien harbor. Relying upon the statements of former explorers, they only carried provisions with them for ten days, and grievously did they suffer on this account; but in spite of difficulties unparalleled in the history of exploration, with inevitable starvation staring them in the face, and hostile Indians surrounding them, the party forced, or rather dragged itself, to the other side. When all hope was lost, the gallant Strain infused confidence into the hearts of his companions, and his gun brought food to them; and when all appeasement of their hunger seemed impossible, Strain threatened to shoot the first man who hinted at an almost justifiable cannabalism. The salvation of the party and its final escape from the most fearful horrors are due alone to him. He traveled across the entire continent of South America on horseback, traversed the immense expanse of the Brazils, ascended the Andes, passed that immense rocky backbone of the Western hemisphere, and reached the Pacific.

May 4.—Madame O'Donnell, mother of Marshal O'Donnell of Spain, in Madrid.

May 13.—Rear Admiral D. Henchy O'Brien, R. N., in Hertfordshire, England. As Lieutenant, he ably distinguished himself at the taking of Zante, Cephalonia, and the other Ionian islands. He was, afterwards at the capture of the garrison of Grao, and in the action off Lissa. He was, as senior Lieutenant, in many of the boat actions in the *Adriatic*, particularly in 1812, when he cut out seven vessels and a convoy, protected by several gun vessels, on the coast of Apulia. In 1813, he commanded a division of boats in the capture of a flotilla of gun brigs on the coast of Calabria, for which he was promoted.

June 27th.—General Sir Massy Wheeler, K.C.B., of the British army, who was mortally wounded when defending the city of Cawnpore, India, against the Sepoys, died there. He was son of the late Captain Hugh Wheeler, of the Indian army. He was born at Ballywire, in 1789, so that at the time of his death he had reached his 68th year. He entered the military service of the East India Company in 1803, when he received his first commission in the Bengal Infantry. In the next year he marched with his regiment under Lord Lake, against Delhi. Having risen steadily through the intermediate ranks, he became Colonel of the 48th Bengal Native Infantry in 1846, and in the same year was appointed first class brigadier, in command of field forces. In 1854 he attained the rank of Major-General. In December, 1845, previous to the hard-fought battles of Monkee and Ferezeshah, the General (then Brigadier) Wheeler, with a force of 4,500 men and 21 guns, covered the village of Bussean, where the large depot of stores had been collected for the army under Sir Henry Hardinge, Lord Gough, and Sir Harry Smith, and thus rendered important services which contributed in their measure to the gaining of these victories. He received the order of the Doranee Empire in 1848, and was honored a few years since for his distinguished merits by being appointed one of the Aides-de-Camp to her Majesty. Having been repeatedly thanked by the Governor-General and Commander-in-Chief for his valuable service in the Sikh campaigns and in the conquest of the Punjab, he was created a Knight Commander of the Bath in 1850, and since that time has held command of the district of Cawnpore. The Indian despatches during the war in the Punjab show that these honors were by no means cheaply earned by Gen. Wheeler. In October, 1848, he effected the reduction of the strong fortress of Rungur Muggul with the loss of only a single man, and by his conduct on this occasion earned the warmest approval of Lord Gough, then Commander-in-Chief, who formally congatulated the Brigadier on the result, which, in his opinion, was "entirely to be ascribed to the soldier-like and judicious arrangements of that gallant officer."

July 2.—John Sinclair, the last of the Irish volunteers of 1782, in Belfast, Ireland.

July 14.—Hon. Mr. Sullivan, British Minister to Peru, in Lima, from the effects of a gun shot wound inflicted by an unknown assassin.

Sept. 9.—Admiral Sir William H. Dillon, R. N. Paternally he was descended from Logon Delome, or the Valiant, son of O'Neill, Monarch of Ireland. Sir W. H. Dillon entered the navy at a very early period of life. In 1798 he co-operated with the army at Wexford during the Irish rebellion, where he succeeded in arresting the Irish "rebel" chief Skallon. He afterwards served on the Jamaica station, assisted in the capture of the corvette El Gaigo, in sight of a Spanish line of battle ship and frigate, and also in the taking of La Diligente, a French national brig, the Lanzanotta, a Spanish armed packet, and several privateers, of which he had the charge. In 1801 he was present at the destruction of the British frigate Maleager, which had grounded in the Gulf of Mexico, and effected an exchange of a part of the crew who had been taken prisoners. As senior Lieutenant of the Africaine, with a flag of truce from Lord Keith to the Dutch Commodore Vaiterbach, at Helveotsluys, he was in 1803 made prisoner, handed over to the French, and detained in captivity until September, 1807. In 1814 he was appointed to the Horatio, and employed in escorting a convoy to Newfoundland, protecting the whale fishery of Greenland against the Americans, and cruising off the coast of France to intercept Bonaparte after the battle of Waterloo, and afterwards made voyages to China and India.

October 10.—Thomas Crawford, an eminent sculptor, of Irish parentage, in London. He was born in New York in 1814, but resided in Rome, Italy, from 1834. He executed busts of the late Commodore Hull, Mr. Kenyon, Sir Charles Vaughan, Josiah Quincy, &c. In 1839 he designed "Orpheus," the finest production of his chisel. Next followed "Cupid and Psyche," "Sappho," "Vesta," "Genius of Mirth," "Adam and Eve," "David before Saul," and a number of scriptural bas-reliefs. In 1855 his fame as a sculptor, which was gradually developing, shone forth with redoubled lustre in the production of his noble statue in bronze of Beethoven, which is deposited in the Music Hall of Boston. But his greatest work was destined to be his last—the Washington Monument, ordered by the State of Virginia.

November 19.—Edward Fitzgibbon, a celebrated newspaper writer, in London, aged 54 years. He was known by the signature "Ephemega," in *Bell's Life in London*. Writing anonymously for upwards of twenty-eight years, as Mr. Fitzgibbon did for the daily press, he was only known to the public by his fishing articles in *Bell*, by some fugitive pieces of great merit, as "Lucid Intervals of a Lunatic," his revised edition of Walton and Cotton, his "Handbook of Angling," his revision of a portion of Blaine's Cyclopœdia, and again to a section of the public by the fine reviewing powers exhibited by him, both in that journal and the *Observer*, and as a theatrical critic of the highest order. Mr. Fizgibbon was born in Limerick County, Ireland.

It will be seen that the number of distinguished deaths of the class indicated by our heading is not great, when we consider the vast extent of the world of enterprise in which Irishmen or their immediate descendants are engaged. Nevertheless, the reader will find the above necrological synopsis useful for reference, and not unflattering to an honest national pride.

DIED.

On December 27th, 1857, at No. 242 Hudson Avenue, city of Brooklyn, Catherine Logan, aged 34 years daughter of James and Bridget, formerly of Ballyshannon, county of Donegal. *May her soul rest in peace.*

DR. BROWNSON'S LECTURE.

Our readers will see by an advertisement on the 10th page that Dr. Brownson will deliver a lecture on the "Popular Objections to the Church," at the Academy of Music, on the evening of January 12th. The Most Rev. Archbishop has addressed the following note to him.

New York, Dec. 30, 1857.

My Dear Doctor:—I have learnt, with great pleasure, that there is a general movement on foot among the Catholics of this city, to make your forthcoming lecture an occasion for testifying their feelings of personal kindness and respect towards yourself, as well as their high sense of admiration and gratitude for the singular ability and persevering energy, even under many discouragements, with which, as a public writer, you have illustrated the Catholic cause for so many years, and rendered to it eminent services, wherever the English language is spoken or understood. I sympathize sincerely in this movement. It is not enough that you should be encouraged by your admirers at a distance; that feeling should be manifested here at home as well.

And this will be a suitable occasion for hundreds who may not be able to take *Brownson's Review* to cheer on its distinguished editor, by the presence and applause with which they will greet him on the evening of his Lecture. If nothing unforeseen should occur to prevent it, I shall have the pleasure of being among them.

I am, dear Sir, with great respect, your obedient friend and servant,

† John, Archbishop of New York.

O. A. Brownson, Esq., LL.D.

J. M. BRANN, ESQ., AND THE ST. VINCENT DE PAUL SOCIETY OF JERSEY CITY.

The following resolutions, which speak for themselves, were unanimously adopted at a recent meeting of this excellent Society:

Resolved, That we have learned with sincere regret the intention of our esteemed brother, Mr. James Brann, to remove from Jersey City to the West; thereby, though not severing the ties of membership with this Brotherhood, yet depriving us of the pleasure of his society and the benefit of his counsels.

Resolved, That we shall ever retain a pleasing recollection of the fraternal intercourse hitherto existing between Mr. Brann and the members of this Conference, and, though deprived of the pleasure of his personal presence, yet, as we shall not cease to feel a deep interest in his welfare, so we hope to have the benefit of frequent communication with him from the new home of his adoption.

Resolved, That the members of this Conference, individually and collectively, as well as the Catholic citizens of Jersey city generally, owe to Mr. Brann, for the many important services rendered by him as a teacher and a citizen, a debt of gratitude which they can never expect to repay in this world, but for which it will never cease to be their prayer that he may be abundantly rewarded in the world to come.

Resolved, That these resolutions be published in the New York Tablet and in the *Boston Pilot*, and that they also be communicated, with an expression of the best wishes of the Conference, to the gentleman himself to whom they refer.

We feel sincere pleasure in publishing the above resolutions. They are alike creditable to Mr. Brann and to the Society of which he was a member.—Ed. N. Y. Tablet.

THE ST. ALOYSIUS LITERARY SOCIETY, NOTRE DAME, IND.

At a meeting of the St. Aloysius Literary Society, held on Tuesday evening, Dec. 22d, 1857, in the University of Notre Dame, Indiana, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

Resolved, That the thanks of this Society be, and are hereby tendered to T. D. M'Gee, Esq., of the late *American Celt*, and to Dr. Hacket, of the *Vindicator*; also to their successors, the editors of the N. Y. Tablet and *Vindicator*, for their liberality in furnishing us, gratuitously, with their highly valuable journals.

Resolved, also, That a copy of this resolution be forwarded to the N. Y. Tablet and Detroit *Vindicator*.

John Collins, Sec., *pro tem.*

RELIGIOUS PROFESSION. CONVENT OF OUR LADY OF MERCY.

Providence, R. I.

On Monday, the 28th inst., the following young ladies pronounced their solemn vows:

Miss Louise Curtin, (Sister M. Josephene,) Miss Ellen Purcell, (Sister M. Julianna Josephine,) Miss Margaret Mynn, (Sister M. Scholastica Bernard,) Miss Kate Lynch, (Sister M. Christiana.)

Very Rev. William O'Reilly Adm., officiated on the occasion, assisted by the Rev. J. Sheridan.

NEW AGENTS FOR THE TABLET.

Richfield, Wis.....Andrew Ennis.
Iowa City, Iowa.....Kennedy & Martin.
Preston, M. T.....Daniel O'Brien

A VISIT TO GREENWOOD AND CALVARY CEMETERIES.

In company with a friend we paid a visit a few weeks ago to the two most frequented cemeteries in the vicinity of New York: Greenwood and Calvary. The afternoon was one of those which seldom grace November; being both calm and clear without being cold; and when we drew near to the porter's lodge of the celebrated Protestant burying-ground and the busy hum of the city no longer buzzed in our ears, we felt that a better time could not be chosen for a ramble among the tombs. To enjoy the companionship of the dead it is necessary that the living world be forgotten, and that the mind assume a comtemplative composure in sympathy with the objects about it. As we entered the gate a German Company, escorting a deceased member with military honors, came in sight, and its band, which was none of the best, broke the stillness; but after a few minutes had passed, and the accustomed salute had been fired over the lowered coffin, we were free to pursue our walk undisturbed through the undulating walks of the most beautiful Cemetery in America.

On every side and on every form of ground, knoll and valley, lay the dead about us. Here a sculptured lamb placed beside a case of toys indicated that a babe slept below. There a broken shaft marked where the early dead reposed, summoned when his hopes were highest and the future looked most rosy. Farther on a capped column with its wreath told that one who had fought the battle of a long life to its close, winning an honorable name in the community, had retired from the struggle. Everywhere, a profusion of costly monuments, elegant enclosures, and tastefully planted shrubs, gave evidence of the affection which had survived the sleepers. It seemed as if the wealth of this world had knocked at the door of the other, and being refused admittance with the souls, still clung to the bodies of its possessors.

In all that pleases the eye and ministers to the passions, Greenwood is undoubtedly rich, and justly deserves its reputation. To the artistic eye it leaves little to be desired. The situation, overlooking the bay and yet sufficiently removed from the cities in sight; the soil, now rising into hillocks as if to catch a view of the noble scenery about, and now sinking into valleys as if to enjoy seclusion; the cosy lakelets reflecting tree and tombstone; the faultless lines of quick-set boxwood; the clusters of Palm and Laurel, standing like reverent pupils under the guardian Ash and Hemlock—all conspire to make Greenwood a lovely retreat for the departed. Nature has done much for it, Art has done more; but the gentle Genius of Religion has had neither act nor part in it, and therefore is it wanting in the most essential features of a Christian graveyard.

Turn where you will, you see no evidences that you walk among believers in the Saviour, unless where an occasional lone sign of Man's Redemption struggles out from a clump of shrubbery to assert Christianity in the midst of the prevailing Paganism. It marks a Catholic grave, and as you approach it you can read the scroll graven heretofore on the crypts of the Catacombs—"*May his soul rest in peace!*" After saying "*Amen*," you will walk miles before meeting another. Heathen urns, and reversed torches, and half-blown roses, and the Freemason's triangle, and the Fireman's hook and ladder, you will see; but no emblem of the Son of Man—nothing to indicate that the Christian dispensation had reached the ears, or moved the hearts, or elevated the aspirations of the myriads under your feet. There is a representation of Hope, with her anchor, and you expect to find on the tablet of which it forms a part, some recognition of Christianity. Go up to it. A sailor lies below, but whether he was a Christian or a Deist is a mystery. The figure is the emblem of his profession, and furnishes no clue to his faith. To the right, on an opposite knoll, something resembling the "ignominious tree" attracts your attention, and as you draw near to it you discover that Sculpture, revolting against Religion, and refusing to trace a cross, substituted a cauliflower. Within the adjoining paling, extending round an area of half an acre a congregation and its pastor rest together. Here, surely, you say, the faith which gathered them into one communion attests itself. Search and you will discover your mistake. Their fellowship consisted in the negation rather than the affirmation of dogma, and to keep agreed even in their coffins, they dare not commit themselves to anything positive on their tombstones.

The absence of everything which recalls the mind to Christianity and the presence of the materialistic symbols common to most pagan nations, is at once the characteristic and the disgrace of Greenwood. You are reminded of death and decay—nothing embodies the ideas of the resurrection and immortality. As we turned to leave we felt that Protestantism had fully succeeded in making a beautiful carricature of a pagan burial-place.

We reached Calvary Cemetery before sunset, and just in time to hear the imposing service of the Church performed by Father Hennesey over one of her Irish children. In extent and situation Greenwood has great advantages over Calvary; and no amount of labor can ever compensate the latter for the neglect of Nature. Nevertheless, it has beauties of its own. A spacious and really chaste Church adorns one of its corners, and on a green sward, sufficiently elevated to command an extensive view of the neighborhood, stands the pastor's house, a comfortable edifice built, like the Church, of wood, and tastefully decorated. The homes of the dead have not yet encroached within several acres of the good clergyman's residence. A circlet of trees keep up the distinction between the dead and the living, while contributing to destroy the cold look which Calvary would otherwise wear.

Come with us and see what faith does. No grave is without its cross, and no stone without its prayer for Christian suffrages. The Crucifixion is represented in many places. Kneeling angels attest the Communion of Saints. Another world is opened up to the mental vision, and every insensate stone is eloquent of God's mercy and men's hope through the saving merits of His Son. The inscriptions tell you that you are among the "faithful Irish." God's rest to them! Not satisfied with planting the banners of Catholicity throughout the length and breadth of this new soil, they would still be apostles in ther graves! There is here no hiding of Christ's Cross—no putting away, or cloaking, of the language of a believing people. In life and death alike they confound the trimmer and the skeptic.

The contrast between Greenwood and Calvary is as great, in a manner, as the contrast between Protestantism and Catholicity. In the former you find opulence without faith: in the latter you find Faith without opulence. The one reminds you that the transition is natural from a cushioned pew to a comfortable, gaudy tomb. The other shows that the obligations of faith, always paramount to earthly considerations, still sustain themselves over the mere appearances which flatter vanity. The former pleases your pride—the latter moves your heart to humility. Greenwood is all of this world. Calvary, through the meaning of its symbols, opens up the prospect to a better. The one is a volume without the "continuation" which alone can explain it. The other is both the volume and the glossary in itself. In leaving the one you feel, that death has placed a bridge, less gulf between you and the departed. In leaving the other your sympathies are moved by the petitions for your prayers, and you sunder as from friends.

MOGEELY CASTLE.

I.

The ruins of Mogeely
O'erlook the winding Bride,
Like a grey old man at evening
Upon a green hill-side;
Mourning for the days departed,
His pride and power gone,
By sorrow broken-hearted,
In the world left alone.

II.

Grey nurse of Chiefs, Mogeely!
Rank weeds grow in thy hall,
Hoar ivy wreaths thy battlement
Slow bending to its fall,
The teeth of Time and hands of Man
Have joined to work thee ill,
But memories of thy former days
Haunt round the ruin still.

III.

Proud was the day, Mogeely,
When to thy spacious hall,
The Chiefs of Munster thronging came
At Earl Desmond's call;
Stout Norman knights, and more whose sires
Once dwelt in sunny Spain
With hawks and hounds, and men at arms,
Some hundreds in their train.

IV.

The banner of the Geraldines
Flew proudly from the wall;
The Desmond's favorite charger
Came bounding from the stall;
And, vaulting in the saddle,
The Chief with waving crest
Rode forth to meet in kingly style
Each welcome kingly guest.

V.

'Twas a glorious sight, Mogeely,
To see into thy Court
Brave Knights and gallant Tanists ride,
Like Carvels into port,
Their pinions waving in the wind,
While on the bright array,
From turret-top and battlement
Looked many a lady gay.

VI.

To neighing steed, and baying hound,
And clang of bugle-horn,
The startled echoes answered back,
On that eventful morn;
Each knight advanced his banner,
And to the marshall'd train,
Earl Desmond, riding in the front,
Bade welcome all, again.

VII.

Wide open flew the portals,
And at the Chieftain's call,
Twelve pipers playing *Shanid Buidhe!*
The guests led to the hall,
Where pikes and spears, and lances bright,
And many a dinted shield,
And banner hung, by Desmond won
On many a battle-field.

VIII.

Above his head, the Herald placed
Each Noble's barge and sword,
And seated all, a kingly feast
Was placed along the board,
And harp notes mingled with a flood
Of sparkling Spanish wine,
As toast and song were flashed along
To the name of Geraldine.

IX.

For days and nights they feasted,
And then the steward came
In secret to the Geraldine,—
He seemed opprest with shame,
As thus he spoke with falt'ring tongue:
"Behold! my honored Chief,
The last wine-butt is on the stoop,
And slain's the last fat Beef—

X.

"Some twenty guests arrived to-day,
And 'twere a burning shame
If some boddagh should know our strait,
'Twould wreck Mogeely's fame,—
What must be done, I cannot tell—
For thou alone canst say—
Thy word is law—do thou command,
And I will quick obey."

XI.

Out spoke the noble Earl then,
Still prompt to think and act,
In peace or war, in any strait,
He strategy ne'er lack'd;
"To-morrow, o'er the eastern hills,
When shows the sun its face,
We'll hunting ride with all our guests,
The Fallow-deer to chase.

XII.

"And when the shadows northward lie—
So none may tell the tale—
Do there in secret fire the pile!
Why grows thy face so pale?
See thou 'tis done—make no reply—
Thou'st got my last behest—
No babbling tongue shall clack abroad,
Nor Gerald be a jest."

XIII.

Next morn, along the wooded hills
That rise o'er Avondhu,
They hunted till the hour of noon,
And many Deer they slew;
The lowliest vassal of the train
With such good sport was gay,
But Desmond's lion-heart was sad
In secret all the day.

XIV.

And then, upon the mountain's brow
He stept alone to gaze,
With dread, to see Mogeely's towers
Enveloped in a blaze;
But saw the fastness of his power
Unscathed in stately pride;
And saw along the vale below,
A single horseman ride.

XV.

No bit or bridle checked the steed,
No saddle galled his back;
A long light spear the rider bore,
To guide him on the track;
Like to an unleashed hawk he flew,
Along the mountain side—
And soon the rider Desmond knew,
A Courier from the Bride.

XVI.

A youthful Habilar was he,
No cumbrous coat of mail
Weighed on his limbs, he lightly rode
To bear his Chief a tale;
The Courser's flanks were foaming red,
Red was the rider's heel,
Who faster hied as fast he plied
The hastening thorns of steel.

XVII.

Until he reached the mountain's brow
The moments were but brief,
And then, obesiance made, as wont,
To his beloved Chief—
"What news, good Phelim? Desmond said,
Bring'st from Mogeely's tower,
You went, I think, upon a raid,
Against the Butler's power?

XVIII.

"'Tis true, my chief, the youth replied,
We harried Ormond o'er,
And swept like flame from Funcheon-side
Well nigh to Carrigmore,
Few kine we left on Inch or Bawn
Or hill side by the Suir,
And many a Butler's head is sore,
Past leach's art to cure.

XIX.

"And furthermore—in Youghal-bay
Two Spanish Carvels ride,
Full-freighted with the sparkling wine
That's pressed by Here's side;
Their Factor waits my Chief's return,
And for a sample brings,
Two butts, whose vintage dates before
Granada's Moslem Kings."

XX.

Up rose the joyous Earl then,
And from his Bugle-horn
Blew forth a blast, louder than when
Crows Chanticleer at morn;
Along the hills the hunters came,
Like Falcons, at the call,
And bearing off the slaughter'd game
Rode to Mogeely, all.

XXI.

Within thy walls, Mogeely,
All hearts were gay that night;
Wit flashed, and jests passed freely,
With bursts of laughter light;
The soul of music gave a zest
To the new-broached Spanish wine,
And first and best, vowed every guest,
Of hosts, was Geraldine.

R. P.

THE CRADLE SONG OF THE POOR.

"Hush! I cannot bear to see thee
Stretch thy tiny hands in vain;
I have got no bread to give thee,
Nothing, child, to ease thy pain.
When God sent thee first to bless me,
Proud, and thankful, too, was I;
Now, my darling, I, thy mother,
Almost long to see thee die.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good but life is dreary.

"I have watched thy beauty fading,
And thy strength sink day by day;
Soon, I know, will Want and Fever
Take thy little life away.
Famine makes thy father reckless,
Hope has left both him and me;
We would suffer all, my baby,
Had we but a crust for thee.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

"Better thou shouldst perish early,
Starve so soon, my darling one,
Than live to want, to sin, to struggle,
Vainly still, as I have done.
Better that thy angel spirit
With my joy, my peace were flown,
Ere thy heart grow cold and careless,
Reckless, hopeless, like my own.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary.

"I am wasted, dear, with hunger,
And my brain is all oppressed,
I have scarcely strength to press thee,
Wan and feeble, to my breast.
Patience, baby, God wil help us,
Death will come to thee and me,
He will take us to his Heavén,
Where no want or pain can be.
Sleep, my darling, thou art weary;
God is good, but life is dreary."

Such the plaint that, late and early,
Did we listen, we might hear
Close beside us,—but the thunder
Of a city dulls our ear.
Every heart, like God's bright Angel,
Can bid one such sorrow cease;
God has glory when his children
Bring his poor ones joy and peace!
Listen—nearer while she wings
Sounds the fluttering of wings!

The celebrated Abbe Huc has just communicated to the *Univers* the preface of his forthcoming third volume of "Christianity in China." The drift is to denounce the whole system of toleration for Buddhism and Mohammedanism. He is for sweeping away the last vestiges of superstition, and grappling with these enervated Asiatics, so as to end the matter in a summary style.

LEGENDS AND TALES OF IRELAND.

By Mrs. J. Sadlier.

FOUNDATION OF THE SCOTTISH MONARCHY BY THE SONS OF ERC, A.D. 503.

The brave Dalriads of Ulster having mainly contributed to place Lughaidh on the imperial throne of Ireland, began to turn their attention to their own domestic affairs. Ages before they had formed a settlement on the coast of Scotland, and this colony of theirs had since grown into a powerful state, the terror of the neighboring Britons. The connection between the Scots of Albania (as this colony was called) and the Scots of Ulster still continued unbroken, the Caledonian line of princes invariably taking wives from amongst the daughters of their own race in Ireland. It so happened that Erc, the son of Eocha-Munramar, had crossed over from Ulster several years before, with a strong reinforcement to his kinsmen in Scotland, who had many powerful enemies to contend with. Being the elder son of his father, then dead, he returned to Ulster, after a while assumed the title of Chief of the Dalriads, and spent the remainder of his days in the quiet enjoyment of his patriarchal dignity. He left a numerous progeny behind him, amongst whom were the six brothers who raised the Scottish colony of Albania to the dignity of a kingdom. Twenty-nine years had rolled away since the death of their father Erc, their nephew Murtough Mac Erca had succeeded Lughaidh VII. on the throne of Ireland, and the princes of Dalriada noted with sorrow that their Caledonian dependency was not flourishing as they had a right to expect. A new levy was therefore raised, and the six brothers taking the command led their forces to Albania, where their presence was hailed with acclamation. This expedition was advised and directed by Murtough, who was a wise and politic prince.

As the colony had hitherto been without a head, being wholly subject to the Chief of Dalriada, it was now resolved at a general council to elect a sovereign for Albania, and make it an independent state. Long did the chiefs and sages deliberate on the merits of the rival candidates for the new office, who were, of course, the six princes from Ulster, they being the representatives of the reigning dynasty.

Lorne, one of the elder brothers, was at first elected, probably on account of his real or supposed superiority to Angus, who was the oldest of the sons of Erc. Lorne was not fated, however, to be the sole monarch of the new kingdom, for Fergus, his youngest brother, immediately claimed at least a share of the royal power, reminding the chiefs and his brothers that many long years before he had received the blessing of St. Patrick, who, in return for some trifling service in his father's house, had promised that he should one day be a king. This settled the matter. The chiefs would even have cancelled Lorne's election and made Fergus sole monarch, in fulfilment of the prophecy, but to this Lorne would by no means consent.

"Since Patrick promised Fergus a kingdom," said he, "as I know he did, let him have a share of the territory, but it is not fair that I should give up all after being elected." This proposal was accepted by Fergus, whereupon the territory—then consisting of little more than the present country of Argyle—was duly divided between the brothers.

The election took place on a wild, desolate promontory, now known as the Mull of Cantyre, stretching out into the Northern Channel. Here it was that the princes from Dalriada had landed, and here it was that they laid the foundation of a monarchy which was to last for centuries. That promontory and the district immediately adjoining were given to Lorne as his territory, and from him received its name, that portion of Argyleshire being still called Lorne. The northern division was allotted to Fergus.

The brothers, according to Pinkerton, the Scottish historian, were already advanced in age when they founded the Albanian kingdom, and Lorne had ruled little more than a year when death cut short his reign, leaving the sole power in the hands of Fergus.

No sooner was Fergus in possession of the whole territory of the Albanian Scots than he sent an ambassador to his nephew Murtough, apprising him of his brother's death and his own accession to the supreme power. "Throne I have none," added Fergus with a smile, "nor royal palace. But tell the king of Ireland that I have land enough to build on, and forests to no end, and my Albanians have strong arms and willing hearts. Tell him my kingdom is but small, but it has time enough to grow, and with God's help it shall, if Fergus lives. The Picts are very bad neighbors, but we must make them civil."

Murtough was so well pleased with this embassy, announcing, as it did, the success of his favorite project, that he sent over to Scotland the famous stone chair which had been used as the coronation seat of the Irish kings from time immemorial. His object was to make the accession of Fergus to the throne as solemn as possible, and to invest the new dignity with an imposing character that might command the respect of a people to whom royalty was a new appendage. The arrival of the ancient "stone of destiny" was hailed with joyous enthusiasm by the Albanian Scots, who saw in it a presage that their new monarchy, of which they were so proud, was destined to a long and prosperous duration.

Fergus proved himself during the period of his short but eventful reign, a wise and prudent, as well as a valorous prince. Understanding well the art of government, he succeeded in amalgamating the discordant elements existing within his dominions; enlarged them very considerably; constructed the machinery of the state and saw it in active operation before he was gathered to his fathers. His power was great and well defined throughout the whole extent of his dominions, but he lived and died a tributary of the monarch of Ireland, being unwilling to sever the link which bound Albania to the mother country.

Thus it was that the northern tribe of the Dalriads gave the first king to Scotland, the successors of Fergus gradually enlarging their kingdom till it embraced the whole country north of the Tweed.

If Fergus did not redeem his promise of building a palace, it must have been erected by one of his immediate successors, for the Castle of Dunstaffnage, seated on a rock in the wild territory of Lorne, is said by Scottish antiquaries to have been from the very earliest times the chief stronghold of the Dalriadan kings of Scotland. In it was long preserved the Stone of Destiny—the *Lia Fail*—sent originally from Ireland for the inauguration of Fergus, and used for centuries after at the coronation of the Scottish Kings.* It was considered the Palladium of Scotland.

"The Castle of Dunstaffnage is square; the inside only eighty-seven feet: it is partly in ruins, though in other parts habitable. Three of the angles have round towers, one of them projecting but very little. The entrance is towards the sea, at present by a staircase; but, probably in former times, by a drawbridge, which fell from a small gateway; the masonry appears very ancient; the tops embattled or crenellated. The building is situated on a rock, whose sides have been scarped down to the form of the castle, in order to render it steep and difficult of access."†

* This stone was afterwards removed from Dunstaffnage to the great Abbey of Scone, and thence, after some ages, to London, where it was placed by Edward the First under the Coronation chair of the English kings in Westminster Abbey.

† Grose's *Antiquities of Scotland.*

—In our next, MURKERTACH, THE ROYDAMNA.

ORGANIZATION OF NAPOLEON'S CONSULAR GUARD.—The first consul, on being elected to the highest office in the French Republic, made it his first care to organize a consular guard composed exclusively of veterans who had been in twenty battles. These were some time after reinforced by a considerable number of soldiers just returned from Egypt, together with a body of Mamelukes. This guard, successively increased by several other bodies of cavalry, infantry and artillery, presented to the Parisians a more imposing sight than any they had yet seen. Every Sunday it was reviewed by the first consul, attended by a numerous and brilliant staff. He frequently spoke to the soldiers, especially those who had made the Italian campaigns with him, and followed him in his expedition to Egypt. He called them by their respective names, asked if they were content in the service, if they were well fed, or if they wanted for anything. Having put this last question on one occasion, a grenadier made answer: "Yes, General! *I* want a pair of epaulettes." "What have you done to earn them?" "I was the fourth to cross the bridge of Lodi, right under the enemy's guns; I killed at least ten Mamelukes in the battle of the Pyramids; I was at the attack on St. John d'Acre, and here I am still!" "I am much pleased to see you, comrade. Send me an estimate of your services, and you shall have your wish."

THE UNEMPLOYED WOMEN AT THE EAST.

(*From the San Francisco Bulletin.*)

We notice by the papers that there were in the large cities, and throughout the North-eastern States, thousands of young women who had been thrown out of employment by the recent business revulsion, which has stopped factories and all sorts of industrial operations everywhere; and that many of them were vainly endeavoring to get work, by which they could support themselves. In some instances, hundreds are described as coming from some of the interior towns to New York city, and after spending a week or two in soliciting something to do, were forced to return disappointed. Others, wisely set out for the border States at the West—determined to try their fortunes among the squatters of Minnesota and Kansas, rather than pine in idleness and want in New England. These young women are represented as being willing to work for the most meagre wages. Indeed, to get board and shelter, is almost as much as the ablest and most expert among them expect during the present "hard times."

Such being the condition of the young women at the East, we would, if possible, direct their attention to the advantage of emigrating to California. In no part of the world is female population so much needed as in this State. Nowhere else are women so much appreciated. And there is no country on earth where their labor is in such high demand and receives such ample compensation. In this city, house-girls get from $30 to $35 per month, which with their board is equal to $60 or $70. Good cooks receive from $40 to $60—and no difficulty is experienced in finding places. In the interior towns, the demand for "help" is still greater. Domestic servants are constantly wanted. Complaints from families comes to us every day concerning the difficulty of getting and keeping girls to assist in housework. Many men are forced to send their wives and children back to the East and maintain them there, because of the impossibility of getting along without "help," the excessively high prices demanded by servants, their independent airs, and their constant quitting of places at the least imagined offence, because they are always certain of finding work whenever they choose to look for it, and therefore do not care to retain a place when they get one. Indeed, it may be said truly, that in domestic arrangements, California houses are topsy-turvey. In the mines, too, there is a great demand for women, not only as domestics, but as WIVES for the hardy miners, and could ten thousand females be landed upon our shores in the next week, no greater blessing upon our State could be conferred. Such an importation would, it is true, tend somewhat to reduce the present standard of wages. But this would not be an injury even to the women themselves. It would make them more careful, and less extravagant in dress, and cause them to prize a good place when they found it, and by keeping in constant employ, they would earn as much by the end of the year as they do now, while to the public it would be a great blessing. It is almost impossible for a family of any size to get along without some "help," and it is not a healthy state of affairs when a servant girl can earn almost as much as an educated accountant or business clerk.

We would then say to the unemployed women at the East, make your way to the Pacific. If you can by any means raise the money to pay your passage, come. You can soon pay back a couple of hundred dollars from your wages here. If some twenty or thirty young women in New York or Boston would associate themselves into a company, they might reach here very reasonably and comfortably in the steerage of the steamers, by bringing with them such little necessaries and comforts as are not afforded to steerage passengers. Two or three hundred might also join together and come around Cape Horn in a clipper ship. The passage of four months is not so uncomfortable as a cold and scanty winter in a northern city, with no hope of work or improvement. In this age, women are expected to have almost as much enterprise and energy in pushing their fortunes as men. And there is no excuse for them to stay at home and suffer privations and poverty if these ills can be warded off by courage and enterprise.

THE POOR.

The following article which we find in the Pittsburgh *Catholic* embodies, considering its extent, such a variety of useful and necessary hints that we feel ourselves called upon to lay it before the readers of the TABLET:

This unfortunate class, unless times improve, very much, have a long winter of suffering before them. We should all give, and give liberally, without much fear of imposition. Imposition now is almost out of the question, when nearly the entire working classes are out of employment and without a copper past them. That they have in many cases saved nothing, is true, but must they therefore be allowed to starve on account of their improvidence? By no means. Starvation, whatever may have led to it, it is the duty of all who have got the means to avert. Go, visit your neighbors, see if they be in need; once satisfied of that, tender relief, conditioning nothing in return, save that your alms be devoted to the proper purpose. God, in his own good time, will reward you abundantly. In these matters the one hand should not know what the other giveth; that is, you should not boast of your charity, nor crowd out the columns of the dailies' useful matter in order to make room for your noble deeds on the field of Christian philanthropy. People who love to see their names thus emblazoned in public prints show they would never do a good deed were there none to see or hear it. The old Pharisees used to blow a horn at the corners of the streets of Jerusalem, when they gave alms. Their horns were the newspapers of that time—the press, it might be said, of Jerusalem. There was one who condemned the advertising medium of that press, and all good men applauded the judgment.

WILLIAM CARLETON.

The Dublin *Nation* has the following notice of Carleton's newest work, the "Black Baronet:"

Of all Carleton's novels, this, in our judgment, is by far the best. The "Black Baronet," had he written no other work, would entitle Carleton to the foremost place among our Irish novelists; for in the whole range of their productions they have not produced anything to equal this. It is not our intention to enter into a critical analysis, either of the plot or of the *dramatis personæ* of this book; for we prefer leaving the reader to develope the former, and, as to the latter, we will only say that, in the delineation of passion, scenery, and incident, the author of the "Black Baronet" has thrown all his wonderful powers into the pages before us. In delineation of Irish peasant life Carleton surpasses all his predecessors. In the "Black Baronet," however, he has broken new ground, and proved that his masterhand can depict character and incident housed in the sumptuous saloons of the metropolis with the same truthfulness of coloring that distinguishes his pencil when portraying the life of an Irish peasant at fair or pattern—in his mirthful or gloomy mood—generous and open-hearted when kindly treated, and maddened to the most criminal excesses when the absentee and the absentee's agent unroofs the cabin over his head, and flings him and his family to die of starvation or fever on the roadside. It was in anticipation of some such incidents as these that we sat down to read the "Black Baronet," but we had not got through many pages till we discovered our mistake. The events evolved in this charming novel may be described as a series of transitions between Dublin and "Red Hall," the *Black Baronet's* manor, before the age of railways, and when such misnamed locomotives as the "Fly" and "Flash of Lightning" crawled snail-paccdly to the metropolis, and deposited their motley "insides" and "outsides" at the "Boot Inn," or some such hostelry, now deserted or tenanted by paupers. Those were the times when a traveller in Ireland had to be satisfied with such accommodation as the "Hotel of Ballytrain" could afford him—a scarcity of everything except the rich and racy humor of such a paragon of waiters as *Paudeen Gair*. The splendid residence of the *Baronet*, the blackest villain whom Carlton has ever painted, stands close to the "Hotel of Ballytrain," and beneath the same roof with that father lives the very antipodes of his character—a gentle creature, his daughter, whose whole life and every action realizes our highest ideal of female perfection. Over these two prominent figures there is a network of mystery, which we will not unravel for our readers, lest we might dull the edge of their appetite; but we can safely assert that the minor accessories constantly revolving around them, and the variety of incident accompanying them at every step, give to this work an overpowering interest, excelling every other which we owe to Carleton's genius. After laying it down and quietly remembering the various phases of the panorama at which we have been gazing, we cannot help saying to ourselves through what vicissitudes and strangely contrasted scenes have we not gone while perusing the *Black Baronet* to his finale! * * * We are convinced that no other work from Carleton's pen can do more to perpetuate his fame. The intimate knowledge of human character in its brightest and blackest developments that distinguishes every page of this book, and the ease with which we are led from scenes of rollicking fun and humor to witness the dark plots of an ambitious and unscrupulous villain, who recklessly sweeps away every obstacle to the accomplishment of his designs—show that Carleton has studied the good and the perverse heart in its inmost recesses, and that he has laid them bare with the power of a masterhand. No one can read these pages unconvinced that Carleton can moralize as well as any living man; and none can lay them down without admitting that the indulgence of the passions, sooner or later—alas, how frequent are the proofs!—leads to excesses ending, in this world, in madness and misery, and, in the next, in——

A letter from Jerusalem of the 20th ult. states that great agitation prevailed in that city and the neighborhood. A conflict had taken place between the inhabitants of Bethlehem and those of Tamar, in which one was killed and several wounded. Caravans of pilgrims were beginning to arrive in the country. Jerusalem is crowded with pilgrims of a new character. A great part of the crew of the American frigate Congress had arrived there to visit the Holy Places, together with a great number of the crews of the three Russian ships-of-war anchored at Jaffa.

The oldest book known to be extant is an edition of the Psalms in Latin. It was printed by Faust and Schaffer, in 1457, and is now 400 years old.

A FRENCH OPINION ON INDIAN AFFAIRS.

[*Translated from the "La Gazette de France" for the* N. Y. TABLET.]

Far from fearing the accusation already brought against us of decrying the advantages and of systematically putting down to the lowest level the successes of the troops which still combat for the government of British India, we persist, now more than ever, in the opinion that the Indian revolution has not been arrested in its progress for a single moment; and as the consequence of that opinion, we openly and formally deny the reality of any advantageous result thus far obtained for the cause of England. Besides our own information which authorizes us to judge and to speak in this manner, our experience of the past, and our long familiarity with the places and the people who, in our opinion, are only commencing this struggle of extermination, compel us in the name of the public conscience, to energetically maintain our first assertions. We possess a knowledge so long and so completely acquired of the manners and customs of the governing classes in India; we have so often been obliged to test the veracity and honesty of their principal agents; we have had so often the opportunity of proving the incredibly overweening conduct of the civil and military employes, of pointing out the impudent falsity of their reports, the ridiculous foolishness of all the improbabilities they publish with such unblushing confidence; in short, we know well how little they profess to care for contradictions of, or complaints against, their enormities, that we do not only do not hesitate to doubt even their *most circumstantial accounts*, but also to denounce as inventions got up for the occasion, the greater portion of the publications *said to be* official.

In the first place, we beg the audacious fabricators of those documents to explain how the reports from Delhi, of the 5th October, and even those of the end of September reached Bombay, by the way of Loudiana, Lahore, Moultan, Bakir, Hyderabad and Kouratchee, in less than six weeks? That immense curve, which is the only way, not absolutely sure but sufficiently practicable, is no less than 1,200 leagues in length, by land, river, and sea. We would also wish to know to what sort of couriers by land, to what kind of barks on the Djelum, and to what description of boats on the Indus those interesting correspondences were confided? And the details, with regard to Cawnpore and Lucknow, passing through Agra, how did they reach Delhi in less than ten days? And finally, who will or can carry them? Thus we have ten days to be added to forty-five. We ask seriously what time is allowed to the Bombay mail to deliver those precious materials to the London artists? The answer to those concise questions, or the default of an answer will obviously prove, in any case, that communication through the interior of the country is for the last six months completely interrupted; for wherefore that immense circuit, if, as the newsmongers of Bombay and Madras leave nothing undone to make us believe, and exhaust themselves in affirming, the inhabitants of those Presidencies remain *loyal* and *devoted* to the Britannic sceptre.

While waiting for the explanations we request, and which from the commencement should have been required by those journalists who have not made an engagement to sing a *Te Deum* on the arrival of each mail, we must inform the public of Europe that the Press of India is published with a double design and often with a double face; one to produce an effect on 'Change, and to keep up the lamentable ignorance of distant countries, the other for the country itself, which they wish to favor, and to which they announce formidable reinforcements. The clerks of the Bombay Journal, however, made a mistake on one occasion by sending us the sheet which announced the happy arrival of the *last* hundred thousand English soldiers sent by the Queen to complete the extermination of the mutineers! This *deplorable* error is, at least, consoling to us in so far as it adds another proof of the correctness of our assertions when we pointed out all those accounts in a continual tissue of inventions and impudent falsehoods. And further, terror reigns among the free correspondents; for they have discovered that their letters are forwarded or not, according to their tenor, and it has been proved that, in France, for more than three months, the merchants themselves receive packages which have been opened and carelessly rescaled. Our own packages and those sent in return pass *forcibly* and *solely* by the gates of Madras or Calcutta.

Our readers, and our commentators will recollect that nearly four months ago we protested against the utility of an entrance into Delhi; that we denounced the mad obstinacy of the English government in making a forcible entry into a city without strategical value or even political influence, in the hope (rather than as the means) of imposing on the public mind of Europe, of striking the *moral* of the Indian revolution, of misleading public opinion everywhere, of reviving faith in the too old and too equivocal prestige, and by an accidental credit obtained through the exertions of a *claque* ready for the signal, to fill the already empty coffers of prodigiously rich and notoriously *inexhaustible* England. Did we not openly declare that this absurd obstinacy—those who know the country and the people cannot qualify it otherwise—smelled of Palmerston to an asphyziating degree; and that it was a grand reopening necessary before commencing a new trick? Well, do not the recent *avowed* risings which have taken place since that event and the daily progress, as manifest as incontrovertible, of the revolution, clearly prove that if at any price the first trick has been played it was a most miserable failure? If the French and English *claque*, paid and unpaid, clapped their hands with more or less ignorance or zeal the tables are turned on the back of the charlatan; and the Gascon sally of the Mansion House, inspired and provoked by the temerity of despair, only excited the incurably innocent astonishment of Europe, wonder-struck rather than insulted by that new impertinence of Monsieur the Premier.

And now in order to arrive at a demonstration, addressing ourselves to the blind in the first place and to the headstrong in the next, we beg them to examine, with as much attention as they seem to have of interest and good faith, the situation, as the last six months have made it, even according to the accounts of those who sacrifice everything to stifle the light. We will, by this means, enable them to define, in reason and truth, the state of the terrible struggle engaged in, *and only commenced* (we persist in declaring it), to see precisely what the efforts which become more desperate from day to day, have obtained, in strict reality, for the present, and what, in reasonable and reasoned speculation, they promised for the future.

Since the first manifestations that certain ridiculous writers still call a *mutiny*, the *mutineers* have never ceased, according to all accounts, without exception, to be *vigorously beaten, entirely dispersed*, and in every encounter *finally annihilated!* They have regularly, invariably, and *methodically* lost an inconceivable artillery; for Havelock and his *confreres*, living and dead, have taken, *on computation*, 1,128 cannons! And next, the incessant conquerors *after seven months*, made a hole in Delhi; and then, of course, were cannons without number, immense booty, the last of the *mutineers* on their knees, and, to crown the success, the after-piece, the Grand Mogul, one of his three hundred old women and two of his sixty-four sons in the hands of the assailing generals. Those are seized, these shot, and the others arrested and reserved for the triumph!

Now comes the last tableau; but we do not see the scene that was expected. Cannons of iron, too, it is true, as the revolutionists themselves had taken them—the Sepoys have disappeared—the shops and rich mansions have long been empty of valuable objects, and there only remains, as the satisfaction asked for on the *day of fasting and humiliation*, wretched vagrants, the infirm and vagabond laggards! Yet, for the want of a better, the holocaust is offered up, a conscientious massacre takes place, and the god of vengeance, dissatisfied with the quality of the victims, throws into the hands of the sacrificers an offering which at length seems worthy of his altars: an old man who, at the time of Victor Jacquemont's visit (1829), was already looked upon as imbecile, and treated as such! We cannot now be accused of representing men to further our purpose and giving them a value to suit the occasion; four months since we revealed the physical and political qualities of this personage, and proved at the same time the insignificance of Delhi, the absolute void that city pierced with outlets on all sides would show, and the certainty of an immense loss without the least profit; for we then announced "that the assailants would be destroyed at the muzzles of the guns, that they would not capture any of the real defenders of the city, and that they would not reach the revolution which really never resided there." Have our previsions, our assertions been destroyed by the event? Let the *clagneurs* themselves answer.

We therefore judge the Delhi enterprise, at the present moment, exactly as we did four months ago; it was a badly-aimed shot which could not fail to strike outside the mark; there could be nothing more foolishly anti-politic, nothing more miserably anti-imitating. For, let every one hear and retain it, the Indians are not of a temper to be so soon put out of countenance and they prove it. Scarcely was Delhi evacuated and *conquered* when the defenders formed at the very gate large bodies which they joined. The people who were to have been frightened by this great exploit seem, on the contrary, to have waited until Delhi was abandoned as if it were the signal agreed upon for a still more general rising. The noise of this success, so laboriously and so keenly obtained, far from causing the despondency and terror which were the aim of so much extravagant persistence, produced everywhere anger and determination, Wherever the agents of the Company hope to discourage the people by proclaiming the triumph, they immediately pay with their lives what the Hindoos look upon as an insult. The Radjpootes, the truly terrible warriors of the West, look upon the salvos fired at Bombay as an insolent provocation, and thus jump up, saddle their horses, and bare their weapons!

Thus we have shown by proofs that Delhi was foolishly attacked and dearly taken, and the Hindoos will see the absurdity of occupying the cities when the entire open country belongs to them. After a few encounters in the field in which they shall have been badly handled, those scholars will give up the premature vanity of giving battle to troops of a hardy nature. They will perceive at length that their adversaries are as firm in attack as in resistance, they are slow in marching, and without any military genius in their movements. Then the tactics will be changed and the struggle will take the character which belongs to the people and the country. Whereupon will be seen in due time, and that time will only come after many trials and much groping. The Indian Revolution can easily afford to pay for such profitable experience by the loss of a hundred thousand warriors and more. That loss is comparatively light for it would not be the hundredth part of the real losses of India's adversary because one man is a greater loss to England than a thousand to India. In our opinion, therefore, the question is still far from being decided. It will be four or five years yet before the English and the Indians will really understand their relative positions.

OUR PARIS CORRESPONDENCE.

Report of the Minister of the Interior.—Relief for the unemployed.— The Prince of the Moskowa.— The COURRIER DE PARIS *changes its politics.—Its Classification of the French Press.—The* GAZETTE DU LANGUEDOC *suppressed.—Rome.—Ordination of Prince Lucien Bonaparte.—Civita Vecchia.—Spain.—The Prince of Asturias.—The "Cross of Victory."—Arrival of the Pope's Nuncio in Madrid.—Lisbon.—Causes of the epidemic.—Mob law in Belgium.—Science and Literature in Russia.—Sudden death of Professor the Abbe Jujat.—The Feast of the Immaculate Conception.—The Grand Seminary of Orleans.—A courageous Cure.*

PARIS, 14th Dec., 1857.

M. Billault, the Minister of the Interior, has addressed a report to the Emperor relative to his Majesty's desire that he would seek a means of alleviating the distress which the crisis in America, and in several countries of Europe, has naturally caused among the working classes here. For that purpose M. Billault demands an appropriation of a million of francs. This sum will be distributed among the communes where manufacturing activity has ceased, and employed in the establishment of public workshops, and in giving the workmen food for themselves and their families at reduced prices. A portion is also to be applied to the alleviation of the distress caused by the inundations in the Ardeche and other departments. An imperial decree dated 11th current gives the appropriation demanded.

The *Moniteur* publishes a decree dated from the Camp of Chalons, 22d September, empowering General Napoleon Ney, Aide de Camp to the Emperor, to bear the title of Prince of the Moskowa, given by the first Napoleon to Marshal Ney in 1813. Napoleon I. had already in 1808 conferred on the "bravest of the brave" the hereditary style and dignity of the Duke of Elchingen. The letters-patent bestowing on Marshal Ney the former title stipulated that after his death the two titles could not be borne by the same person. Michel-Louis-Felix Ney, Duke of Elchingen, died in 1854, leaving the title to his only son Michel, and Joseph-Napoleon Ney, who bore the title of Prince of the Moskowa, died without male issue. General Ney, who has just received the title, is the third son of the Marshal.

The *Courrier de Paris* has, at last, given its allegiance to the government. It has published a new profession of faith, which, though not very remarkable for depth, is a curiosity in its way. The writer divides the French Press into four categories: The journals which desire neither the Empire nor Liberty; those that desire Liberty without the Empire; those that desire the Empire without Liberty, and finally those that desire Liberty under the Empire. Neither the Empire nor Liberty means placing on the throne the Count de Chambord, the return of the Count de Paris, or the triumph of the Fusion. Liberty without the Empire is another revolution ending once more in another dictatorship. Liberty under the Empire is what the *Courrier de Paris* wants. The *Courrier* will have it all its own way, for, as a journal wittily remarks, the other papers will not be able to reply until it has attained its end. The founder of the *Courrier de Paris*, M. Felix Mormond, has withdrawn from the paper and has been a stranger to its politics since last August.

Another cotemporary has gone the way of most newspapers: the *Gazette du Languedoc* has been suppressed.

His Holiness Pope Pius was to have ordained Prince Lucien Bonaparte on the 13th. Since his Holiness' accession to the papal throne he has only ordained one other priest. During his Holiness' late visit to Civita Vecchia, the commander of the garrison, M. Foucher, mentioned to his Holiness that the inhabitants desired to have the city enlarged by the demolition of a portion of the fortifications. The desire was acceded to by Pope Pius, and the inhabitants have presented to M. Foucher two medals: one of silver and the other of bronze, as tokens of their gratitude and esteem.

The young Prince of the Asturias was christened on the 7th. Immediately after the ceremony the king received the Cross of Victory destined for the young Prince by the Principality of Asturias, and the insignia of the Orders of the Golden Fleece of Charles III., of Isabella the Catholic, and of Saint John of Jerusalem. A communion was specially charged to present to the Prince of Asturias the insignia representing the celebrated oaken cross anciently borne as a standard in the battles with the Moors and still preserved in the sanctuary of Oviedo. This cross has been called the *Cross of Victory*; it is a portion of the arms of the principality of Asturias with the motto: "*In hoc signo viciatur inimicus.*"

In honor of the birth of the young Prince, Queen Isabella has granted a general amnesty to all those who are absent from Spain or accused of political offences.

Monseigneur Barili, the Apostolic Nuncio, arrived in Madrid on the 5th instant. His Eminence was in the private carriage belonging to the Nunciature, and was attended by an escort of lancers, an officer and a trumpeter. Monseigneur stopped at the Hotel of the Nunciature.

The latest intelligence from Lisbon states that the epidemic had lost much of its virulence. The French physicians in that city have informed the government here that the fever now prevalent in the Portuguese capital is of the typhus class, and has been caused by the insalubrity of the sewers and the general uncleanliness of the city. The Bishop of Coimbra has been appointed Patriarch of Lisbon.

The riot and disorder party in Belgium has triumphed. It was to be expected. Its defeat would have been the defeat of the King, and of course nothing was left undone to secure success. Nevertheless, and despite the pressure of government influence, Courtrai, Roulers, Malines, Hasselt, Furnes, Thielt, Saint Nicholas, Alost, Termonde, Oudenarde and classic Louvain have nobly done their duty and returned all their Catholic candidates. The majority obtained by the window breakers is scarcely large enough to give efficient support to the Rogier Ministry.

The spread of science and literature in Russia has so increased the demands on the printing establishments in that country, that several Russian Embassies have received orders to engage compositors to settle in the empire of the Czar.

The cause of education has had a great loss in the death of the learned Abbe Jujat, Professor of Philosophy at the College of Montrouge. On the 28th of November the Abbe was in the

midst of his pupils when suddenly he fell backwards, and when his pupils, terror-stricken, ran to his assistance, he was a corpse. Two hours previously the reverend Abbe had celebrated Mass. M. Jujat's piety and virtue were only equalled by his scientific attainments. He occupied at different times the highest chairs in our best educational institutions. During the leisure moments allowed by his classes of Rhetoric and Philosophy, the Abbe Jujat wrote the beautiful poem entitled *Notre Dame du Laus*, and the *Vie de la Chartreuse et du Pere Augustin*.

The Feast of the Immaculate Conception was celebrated on the 8th in a great number of the departments with extraordinary pomp. At Lyons, the illumination surpassed those of preceding years. On the same day, the inauguration of the monument in honor of Mary Immaculate took place at Marseilles. The newspapers of that city state that it would be impossible to describe the enthusiasm manifested on the occasion by the people of the glorious old city. Mons. Charbonnel, Bishop of Toronto, presided over the ceremonies in honor of the festival, which took place in the Church of St. Lawrence, in this city.

The distribution of theological decrees took place last week at the Grand Seminary of Orleans. Several prelates honored the ceremony with their presence, among others Monsignor d'Aata, Bishop of Syria. The following subject for a prize essay had been announced last year: to describe the sad position of the rural districts, the causes of the evil, the remedies to be adopted, and the means by which a Cure may undertake to regenerate his parish. Nine essays were presented, and three of them were so remarkable that the jury decided on dividing the prize of 500 francs among the three authors. The prize was given to M. Bardin, Cure of Chateauneuf, M. Leroy, Cure of Gyles-Novains, and M. Laveau, Director of the Institution for the deaf and dumb. The second subject was the state of the Separated Greek Church in the Sclave countries and in the East. The essays presented were not considered sufficiently good to merit the 500 franc prize, but nevertheless, the *Complete Works of St. Bernard* were given to the Abbe Gelot, Vicar of Blangency, for his essay on the subject.

I cannot close my letter without recording a noble and courageous action performed some days since at Pacy sur Eure by a pious and worthy priest. A workman was occupied in pruning some poplars on the bank of the river Eure. He had climbed one of the trees to a certain height when the branch to which he hung gave way, and he fell into the river, which at that spot was three metres in depth. The Cure of the Commune, who was walking in that direction, hearing the man's cries ran to the spot, and without a moment's hesitation jumped into the water to save the unfortunate man who was being carried away by the current. Finding that his soutane embarrassed him, the brave Cure, preserving all his presence of mind, went on shore, took it off, jumped again into the river, dived twice, brought up the now senseless laborer, and swam with him to the shore. Not satisfied with risking his life the Cure gave the half-drowned man all the necessary care, and brought him home safe and sound to his family.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, Dec. 31, 1857.

The rapid accumulation of domestic troubles, which daily and hourly surround the administration, have given its friends considerable uneasiness, and make many of them think that it will not be able to meet the crisis and come out of it with honor and safety to itself. For my part, I am not of that pusillanimous school of politicians, who fear the shadow before they see the substance; and even if those troubles were of a more dangerous and threatening character, there is a vitality in the government and people of the United States, which has strength enough to overcome all difficulties of the kind, and settle down once more into the peaceable pursuits of domestic life.

The President has but one object—one party to subserve, the good of the whole country, and the integrity of the party which have placed him in power. Those two principles are the polar stars of his ambition, and, therefore, he will leave no means untried to place them upon a firm and solid foundation.

The Kansas question is assuming a fearful aspect. Civil war has at last broken out there, and it is now impossible to say when or where it will terminate. Nevertheless, I am confident that the President will do all he can to compromise the differences between him and Senator Douglas, out of which a portion of those troubles have arisen, and that his friends in Congress will fall back on the Senator's Enabling Act, when Congress resumes its functions on Monday next.

The Fillibuster, William Walker, in the custody of Marshal Rynders, and accompanied by Thomas Francis Meagher and Malcolm Campbell, as his law advisers, arrived at Browne's Hotel on Tuesday evening last. I was standing in the office at the time of their arrival. Walker entered his name on the Register in a large, bold hand. There were about one or two hundred persons within and without the hotel, about fifty of whom, mostly boys, attempted to get up a *furore* in his favor, but they failed in the effort. Three faint cheers were given by some of those near him, when the whole party retired to their rooms. There is nothing prepossessing in Walker's appearance, and there is certainly none in his piratical career, to entitle him to the cognomen of "hero," and so the people here think.

Nothing can or will be done with Commodore Paulding for the part he has played in this melo-drama. That he has exceeded the letter of his instruction cannot be denied, but still he acted as an honest man and an unsophisticated tar Paul(d)in(g) in his "Buck"-aneering pursuit of the buccaneers. Nicaragua will not, as a matter of course, call on our government for redress for violating her territory; on the contrary, she will be rather pleased at the acts of Paulding than otherwise, and, until the subject be brought officially by her before the State Department, it is not likely that General Cass will take any further notice of the subject.

The South is in a blaze on account of Walker's arrest, and the breaking up of the expedition. If the Administration only stand fast by its treaty obligations and carry out to their legitimate end the laws of nations in good faith as regards Nicaragua, all this fillibusterism will soon fizzle out.

The news of the election of Gen. Shields and the Hon. Henry M. Rice, as Senators, from Minnesota, has been received here with great pleasure by their friends, and by none more so than Judge Douglas, who had received a telegraph despatch of their nomination in caucus, before he went North.

The Church of St. Aloysius, which the Jesuit Fathers are erecting in the eastern part of the city, is progressing rapidly. Among the contributors to it are, the Vice President of the United States, Mr. Breckinridge, the Hon. Stephen A. Douglas, Henry M. Rice, and Cornelius Wendall, Esq., late printer to Congress, in the sum of $500 each.

The Senate Committee on binding, consisting of Messrs. Fitzpatrick and Johnson, of Arkansas, Democrats, and Cameron, Know-Nothing-Black Republican, have given the binding of that branch of Congress to Messrs. Petibone and Boteler. Petibone is a good Democrat, and very much of a gentleman, but Mr. Boteler, who is no binder, and withal one of the most incorrigible Know-Nothings here, had no claims whatever on the Democratic party for such a favor. There is much bad feeling caused by this act of the Committee among the Democrats, because they had a majority on that Committee of their friends, who could have excluded Boteler from the benefits of the job, if they thought proper.

The door-keeper of the House of Representatives, too, has committed a similar error. He has appointed three Know-Nothings to fat places under him, viz.: Cross, Henly and Moss. The first-named is President of the Know-Nothing Lodge of the 1st Ward, and one of the most violent and abusive of that faction. When will these impolitic appointments cease? If not soon, the natural consequence to the Democratic party will assuredly come.

Another growing evil calls aloud also for reformation. I refer to the practice of appointing negroes as messengers in the Departments, to the exclusion of poor white men of families, and of women as copying clerks. Many of those ladies, no doubt, want and deserve the work at which they are employed, but the *increasing* demand for such appointments by members of Congress throws a degree of suspicion over the purity of the motives that prompt them to do so, which, I have no doubt, is entirely groundless. There are no less than twenty of them now employed in the General Land Office.

There are several delegations in the city of the aboriginal tribes of the Western country bedecked with all the paraphernalia of bones, feathers, paints and buckskin. They have had several "talks" with Commissioner Mix, of the Indian bureau. I was present at one of them on Monday last which was very interesting. After smoking the calumet, or pipe of peace, they were addressed by the Commissioner, whose sentences, *seriatim*, were translated for the Indians by their interpreter. Their chief responded in the same way in a few words, saying that he was not then prepared to say more. They are a fine looking specimen of the genus homo, but as wild in appearance as the buffalo of the plains.

SIGMA.

CITY NEWS.

FESTIVAL AT ST. JOHN'S SCHOOL HOUSE, GOWANUS, BROOKLYN.—When we consider the deplorable effects of the "crisis," is it not exceedingly gratifying to witness our Catholic people responding with a noble liberality to the various calls of Religion? Their willing sacrifices to sustain every good work evince the love and reverence with which they cherish the sublime principles of their immortal creed. The belief of its Divine origin must be deeply buried in their hearts, and firmly rooted in their affections. Such were the thoughts which crowded forcibly upon us on Tuesday evening, Dec. 29th, while present at a Festival in the School House attached to St. John's Church, Gowanus, South Brooklyn. The object of the Festival was to enable the Congregation to meet the heavy expenses in consequence of the very important and necessary improvements recently made upon the Church and School House. The spacious rooms of the splendid School House were densely crowded, and we do not indulge in exaggeration when we say that never before, on any similar occasion, was it our pleasure to behold so many souls gathered together. There was present a large representation from almost every part of Brooklyn, and very many persons from New York. The animation that lighted up the countenance of all expressed the delight that dwelt within their hearts, and gave unmistakeable evidence that they felt amply remunerated for their benevolence. The Catholics of Gowanus, under the guidance of their Pastor, Rev. P. McGovern, have succeeded in removing the indebtedness that existed against their Church and School House, so that now they my justly exult in the thought that both are no longer subject to temporal embarrassment.

GOT A FRIGHT.—While Madame La Grange was dressing for the concert at Niblo's Saloon, on Tuesday evening of last week, she discovered, to her dismay, that her diamonds and jewelry, to the amount of six thousand dollars, were nowhere to be found. This circumstance so discomposed her nerves that she was unable to appear as set forth in the bills of the evening, and an apology to that effect was made. Subsequently, however, the valuables were found in her dressing-room at the Academy of Music, and on being apprised of the fact she recovered her composure, and proceeded with the entertainment.

THE MARKETS.—The receipts of beef cattle during the past week amounted to 1,472 head, against 2,247 head the week previous. The supply was the shortest since last winter. The demand, consequently, was very active, and prices advanced one-half to one cent per pound, the range being from 8c. to 11 1-2c., according to quality. The scarcity and advance in beef proportionately enhance the demand and value of other descriptions of stock. Cows and calves are quoted at $25 a $65; veal calves, 4 1-2c. a 7c.; sheep and lambs, $6 50, and swine, 4 3-4c. a 5 7-8c.

CITY MORTALITY.—430 deaths took place in the city last week, being an increase of 37 on the week previous.

At the meeting of the Board of Councilmen, on Wednesday evening, the 30th ult., a communication was received from Alexander T. Stewart, the celebrated dry goods merchant in Broadway, offering $500,000 for the portion of the Park on which it is intended to erect the new Post-office. It is not likely, however, that his offer will be accepted.

An injunction has been served on the Board of Education, with the view of restraining that body from purchasing certain premises in Oliver street, for the erection of a school-house, and for which, it is alleged, they were willing to give $31,000, when the property is set down as worth, in reality, no more than $20,000.

The Board of Supervisors has increased the pay of the Police Justices $1,200 per annum in addition to their present salaries. It is also in contemplation to increase the salaries of the Judges of the different courts.

New Year's Day was celebrated with the usual *eclat*. The day was delightfully fine, and from an early hour the streets were crowded by an immense multitude, all intent on one object—giving calls.

The total number of immigrants which arrived at this port during the year 1857 is 185,847, bringing with them thirteen millions of dollars.

During the year just expired 13 murders, 50 homicides, and 58 suicides took place in this city.

A fellow was arrested in Wall street, last week, while attempting to carry off the sum of $5,000 from a broker's place of business at No. 74 1-2 in that street.

It is in contemplation to go on with the Brooklyn Water Works during the winter.

NEW YORK MARKETS.

WHOLESALE PRODUCE MARKETS.

The prices given in our report from week to week are the average wholesale prices obtained by producers, and not those at which produce is sold from the market. The variation in prices refer chiefly to the qualities of the articles.

The vegetable markets are rather quiet during the holidays. Most articles continue in fair supply, and few changes need be made from the prices of last week.

Potatoes are rather dull, with a good supply of Nova Scotias now in. Some 10 or 12 cargoes are at present unloading. Good ones are turned out at 90@95c. ℔ bushel; while many, in poorer order, are sold at 80c. The best Jersey and Long Island Mercers command the most ready sales at the highest prices.

Cranberries are gradually advancing as the stock diminishes. Good berries now bring $8 50@$9 ℔ barrel.

Chestnuts and hickory nuts are more plenty, and declining in price. Many of the chestnuts are poor.

Cabbages are scarce and higher than before now, owing to their being frozen in the ground. The late rain will probably cause a fresh supply to be brought in. Pumpkins are very scarce and high.

Butter is less active during the holidays. Prices are unchanged, with a full supply on hand.

Eggs are coming in from Philadelphia during the mild weather. Sales are rather slow. The stock on hand is not large.

Poultry, of course, has the largest share of patronage during a week especially dedicated to their consumption. A very heavy business has been done during several days past, and the trade will continue for a few days longer. More Poultry has been sold within a week past than during the same length of time for several years. The supply is likely to hold out, from present appearances.

CANDLES are in moderate request at steady prices.

COAL—Foreign is quiet at old rates. Anthracite is in fair demand, and is firm at $5 50@$6 ℔ ton of 2,000 lbs., from yard. In Philadelphia during the week there prevailed a very limited inquiry for coal, both for shipment and home consumption, and the supply was in excess of the demand. Prices, however, have undergone no change. Bituminous Coal was not wanted.

COFFEE is quiet, yet steady. Sales have been confined to 200 bags Maracaibo at 11c., and 80 bags Rio at 9½@10½c. ℔ lb. We repeat our quotations: Java, 16@16½c.; Maracaibo, 10½@12½c.; Rio, 8½@10½c., cash; Bahia at 9c., and St. Domingo at 8c. ℔ lb.

COTTON is dull and drooping. Sales of small lots only have been reported, including Middling at 9c. for Upland, and 9½@9½c. for Gulf, ℔ lb. The available supply here is about 13,300 bales against 70,200 bales same time last year.

FISH—The market is very quiet, yet prices are essentially unaltered. Dry Cod, $2 75@$3 25 ℔ cwt.; Massachusetts Mackerel at $9 25@$9 50 for small No. 1; $8@$8 25 for small and medium No. 2; and $8 for No. 3 ℔ bbl. Pickled Salmon at $29@$32 ℔ ct., and $22@$23 ℔ bbl; Pickled Herring, $3@$3 75 ℔ bbl., and Smoked Herring at 35c. for scaled, and 16@17c. for No. 1, per box.

FLOUR AND MEAL—State and Western Flour is in limited request, chiefly for home use, at languid prices. Sales 7,250 bbls.

Common to good Superfine	$4 20@4 25
Extra State	4 40@4 60
Superfine Michigan and Indiana	4 20@4 25
Superfine Ohio	4 25@4 30
Fancy Ohio	4 40@4 50
Extra Indiana and Michigan	4 50@5 00
Extra Ohio	4 50@5 50
Fancy Genesee	4 35@4 45
Extra Genesee	5 00@5 50
Low to very choice Extra Missouri	5 00@7 00

Canadian continues heavy and languid.

FOREIGN Liquors are in very slack demand and are somewhat nominal in price.

FRUIT—The inquiry for the leading kinds is moderate.

GRAIN—Wheat is depressed and somewhat nominal. Sales have been reported of only a few small lots, including fair White Southern at $1 25; and amber-colored do. at $1 17½ ℔ bushel. Corn is quiet at old rates. Sales 14,000 bush. at 53@54c. for inferior to prime new crop Yellow and White Jersey and Southern, and 55c. for old Yellow Southern, ℔ bushel. Rye is dull and heavy at 72@73c. for prime Northern, delivered, ℔ bushel. Barley and Barley Malt are unchanged. Oats abundant and depressed, at 43@45c. for Western; 40@43c. for State; 33@38c. for Jersey and Pennsylvania, and 28@33c. for Southern, ℔ bushel.

HAY—850 bales North River have been sold at 60@65c., cash, ℔ 100 lbs.

HEMP is dull and nominal.

HIDES are moderately inquired for at steady prices. Sales 840 Savanille, averaging 25 lbs., on private terms, and 550 California at 16½c., 6 months, ℔ lb. Stock of all kinds in first hands, to-day, 386,011, against 5,118 same time in 1856, and 27,620 same time in 1855.

HOPS continue very quiet at unchanged figures. Crops of 1857, 6@9c.; 1856, 2@5½c.; 1855, 1½@3c. cash, ℔ lb.

IRON—Small lots of Scotch Pig have been sold at $24 @$25, cash, and $27@$28, usual credit, ℔ ton. In Philadelphia, during the week, no important sales were reported of Pig Metal, which was entirely nominal in value. In Bar and Boiler Iron, a limited business was transacted at former rates.

LEATHER—Sole is in fair request at full prices.

LUMBER—The demand is restricted, and prices favor buyers, though no important change can be noticed.

PROVISIONS—Pork is rather quiet, yet steady. Sales 570 bbls., in lots, at $15 50 for old, and $15 56@$16 for new Mess; $15 for new prime Mess; $17 37½@$17 50 for Clear, and $13@$13 25 for prime ℔ bbl. Cut Meats continue in good supply and active demand, at 8@8½c. for Hams, and 6@6½c. for Shoulders ℔ lb. The transactions since our last embrace 145 bbls. fair to prime, chiefly at 8½@9½c. ℔ lb. Beef is depressed and languid. The transactions since our last consist of 130 bbls., in lots, at $10@$12 50 for repacked Western Mess; $13@14 25 for extra do., $9@9 75 for Country Mess, and $5 75@$6 75 for do. prime, ℔ bbl. Prime Mess Beef, $18@$23 ℔ tierce. Beef Hams, $13 50@$15 ℔ bbl. Butter is in moderate demand at unaltered rates; 11@17c. for Ohio; 14@21c. for common to very good State, and 22@25c. for prime to choice do., ℔ lb. Cheese is quiet, yet steady, at 6½@8c. for fair to prime, ℔ lb.

RICE—Sales 65 tcs., in lots, at $2 75@$3 50, according to quality, per 100 lbs.

SALT is inactive at unchanged figures.

SEEDS are quiet at previous quotations. In Philadelphia during the week, sales were made of 500 bushels Clover Seed, in lots, at $5@$5 12 ℔ 64 lbs., and 600 bushels, from second hands for export, part on terms not made public, and part at $5 37½@$5 75, closing at our lowest figures.

SUGARS are inactive, yet held with considerable firmness. Sales 230 hhds., including Cuba at 6¢@7¢c. New Orleans, 6¼@8½c.; and Porto Rico at 7¼@8c. ℔ lb.

TALLOW—Sales 12,500 lbs prime at 9½@10c., cash, ℔ lb.

WHISKEY—Sales 450 bbls. at 21@21½c., cash ℔ gallon.

WOOL—Domestic continues pretty brisk, but again quiet yet firm at 28½ bid. Foreign is unchanged and is somewhat nominal in price. We have heard of sales of about 85,000 lbs. domestic within the range of from 28@40c. for common to full blooded Merino fleece; and 20@48c. for No. 1 superfine and extra pulled, ℔ lb.

EDUCATION.

ST. JOSEPH'S ACADEMY,

TROY, N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

Entrance to the Academy, 237 Fourth Street.

THE object of this Institution is the Christian Education of Children. Its fine situation, and the extent and arrangement of the grounds attached to it, render it, in point of salubrity, all that can be desired, while the house destined for the pupils is fitted up in a style of comfort and even elegance, not surpassed by any establishment of the kind. The greatest attention is paid to the moral and physical well-being of the children, and a paternal vigilance is at all times extended over them.

Two Sessions, of twenty-three weeks each, constitute the academic year. No one is received for a shorter period than a session, nor will any deduction be made in case of withdrawal before the expiration of the session.

The Course of Instruction comprises the Elementary, and all the higher branches of English Education, French, Drawing, Music, &c., &c. Particular attention paid to English Composition, Bookkeeping, and the Mathematics. The Academy is provided with an extensive Cabinet of apparatus for the use of Classes in Natural Philosophy, Astronomy, Chemistry, Surveying, &c.

Terms:

Board and Tuition, per annum	$100
Washing and Mending	20
Books and Stationery	12
Music—Vocal and Instrumental	12
Do (with Piano) do	24

Payable half-yearly, on entrance, and during the first week of second session. No departure from the above terms.

☞ With the exception of Doctor's Fees, there is no extra charge whatever.

N. B.—Each boarder should have a sufficiency of Linen and Clothing. The uniform of the Institution comes to $9 or $10. dec6 tf

St. Patrick's Young Ladies' Academy,

CONDUCTED BY THE

SISTERS OF NOTRE DAME,

LOWELL.

Terms:

For Board and Tuition, per Session of 46 Weeks, one Quarter payable in advance	$100 00
Washing	12 00
For Half-Boarders, who dine at the Academy, per Session, as above	50 00
Piano and Vocal Music, per Quarter	12 00
Guitar " "	12 00
Painting and Drawing	6 00
No extra charge for French.	

THE system of instruction, commencing with the elements of an English and French education, will embrace Orthography, Reading, Grammar, Writing in various styles, Composition, Arithmetic, Algebra, Book-Keeping by single and double entry; History, Sacred and Profane, Ancient and Modern; Chronology, Geography, the use of the Globes and projection of Maps, Astronomy, Mythology, Botany, Natural Philosophy and Chemistry.

French being generally spoken by the Ladies, the course of instruction in that tongue will be thorough and entire, affording in familiar conversation, as well as recitation (during which special attention will be devoted to purity of accent and idiom), ample facilities for a perfect acquisition of the language.

Plain Sewing, Embroidery on Lace and Muslin, Bead, Chenille, Shell, Pearl and Wax Work, Tapestry, &c.

Drawing in Crayon, Indian Ink and Black Lead; Painting in Oriental Style, in water colors; Music, vocal and instrumental, Piano and Guitar. In short, all the branches usually taught in the best schools, shall be objects of attention and study in this Institute.

Pupils who board at the Academy should be provided with two pairs of Sheets, Pillow Cases, Towels, Table Napkins, Knife, Silver Fork, Spoon, a Silver or Britannia Goblet, Combs and Brushes. ag8 3m

ACADEMY OF THE HOLY INFANCY,

MANHATTANVILLE, NEW YORK.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

THIS Institution is pleasantly situated on the Hudson River, eight miles from the City of New York, and of very easy access by the Hudson River Railroad, and also by a line of Stages from the City.

Terms:

Entrance Fee	$ 10 00
Pension, Washing and Mending of Linen, use of Books, Stationery and Library, per annum	180 00
Mending of Clothes and Shoes, Postage of Letters, &c., form extra expenses, chargeable to the parents.	

Payments to be made half-yearly in advance.

Tuition.

The Course of Instruction embraces the following branches, viz.: Christian Doctrine, Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Geography, History, Book-Keeping, Geometry, Algebra, Composition, Elocution, Natural Philosophy, Mythology, French, Vocal Music and Drawing.

Instrumental Music, Spanish and German Languages form extra charges.

For further particulars address

BROTHER STYLIEN, *Director.*

MOUNT ST. MARY'S COLLEGE.

THIS Institution, situated on a healthy and beautiful eminence, about two miles from Cincinnati, is conducted by the secular clergy who have charge of the Cincinnati Provincial Seminary, and has for its aim to furnish its pupils a thorough education under Catholic influences, and to fit them for any business or profession of life.

The infirmary, wardrobe and other domestic arrangements of the House, are in charge of the Sisters of Charity.

TERMS.—Board and Tuition (including washing, mending, &c.) payable half-yearly *in advance.*

Classical Course per session of ten months	$1 75
Commercial " " " "	1 50

Music, if taught, will constitute an extra charge of $50 per session. Books and Stationery may be bought at the Institution.

The session opens on the 24th of August. The Institution has been honored with the cordial approbation of the Most Rev. Archbishop Purcell of Cincinnati and Most Rev. Archbishop Blanc of New Orleans.

Communication to be addressed to

REV. S. H. ROSECRANS, D.D.,
President.
ja6 3m

ACADEMY OF MOUNT ST. VINCENT,

NEW YORK.

THIS Institution is situated on 105th street, between Fifth and Sixth Avenues, near Harlem. The Scholastic Year will commence on the first Monday in September.

TERMS.—Board, Tuition and Washing per annum, payable half-yearly in advance, $160.

Music, Drawing, Painting, French, Spanish and German languages form extra charges. ag15 2m

EDUCATION.

ST. MARY'S COLLEGE,

WILMINGTON, DELAWARE.

THIS Institution is Catholic; the students are all carefully instructed in the principles of their faith and required to comply with their religious duties. It is situated in the northwestern suburbs of this city so proverbial for health; and from its retired and elevated position it enjoys all the benefit of the country air.

The best professors are engaged, and the students are at all hours under their care, as well in hours of play as in time of class.

The Scholastic year commences on the 16th of August, and ends on the last Thursday of June.

Terms:

The annual pension for Board, Tuition, Washing, Mending Linen and Stockings, and use of Bedding, paid half-yearly in advance, is	$150
For Students not learning Greek or Latin	135
Those who remain at the College during the vacation, will be charged extra	15
French, Spanish, German, and Drawing, each per annum	20
Music, per annum	40
Use of Piano, per annum	8

Books, Stationery, Clothes, if ordered, and in cases of sickness, Medicines and Doctors's Fees will form extra charges.

No uniform is required. Students should bring with them three suits, six shirts, six pair of stockings, four towels, and three pairs of boots or shoes, brushes, &c.

nov17 REV. P. REILLY, *President.*

SINSINAWA MOUND COLLEGE,

WISCONSIN.

THIS Institution, conducted by the Fathers of the Order of St. Dominic, is situated in the Southwest corner of the State of Wisconsin, ten miles from Galena, Illinois, and six from Dubuque, Iowa. It occupies the most healthy and picturesque site in the West.

The numerous Railroad and Steamboat routes in the West render it easy of access at all times.

The government is mild and paternal, and directed at all times to promote the Moral and Intellectual improvement of the Pupils.

The Collegiate Year consists of Two Sessions of five months each; the first commencing on the first Monday of September in each year, and ending on the Saturday after the first Monday of February; and the second beginning on the second Monday of February, and closing with a public Exhibition some time in the beginning of July.

Terms:

Board and Tuition per session	$60 00
Stationery and Books	7 00
Washing, Bed and Bedding	10 00

Ancient and Modern Languages, Mathematics, Music, &c., form extra charges.

REV. J. T. JARBOE, O.S.D.,
sep19 1y *President.*

COLLEGE OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER,

No. 39 WEST FIFTEENTH STREET,

Between Fifth and Sixth Avenues,

NEW YORK.

THIS College is conducted by the Fathers of the Society of Jesus.

The course of instruction is twofold—Classical and Commercial. The Classical course, which includes Natural and Moral Philosophy, is so conducted as to fit the Students for entering at the end of their studies, whatever liberal profession they may think proper to embrace. The Commercial department is destined to prepare young men for commercial pursuits.

For further information apply at the Institution.

MICHAEL DRISCOL, S. J.,
President.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

By P. SMITH,

At Belleville, New Jersey.

ENCOURAGED by the Catholic Pastor of this place, Mr. SMITH begs to inform Parents and Guardians that he will take charge of a few Male Pupils, from the ages of seven to thirteen, or thereabouts. They will receive the kindest care, together with a sound Catholic and Commercial Education.

Terms:—$25 per Quarter, in advance.

Steamboat leaves Newark every hour up to 6 o'c.ock, P.M.

Mr. Smith has my warm approval and recommendation. (Signed,) J. HOGAN,
ag29 tf Catholic Pastor.

CATHOLIC BOARDING SCHOOL,

At No. 326 Plane Street,

NEWARK, NEW JERSEY.

PARENTS and GUARDIANS will find this a very proper School for Pupils to receive a thorough English and Mercantile Education. Strict attention will be paid to their moral and religious instructions. Lowest terms for Board, Washing, and Tuition, $25 per quarter, payable in advance.

Rules and Regulations made known at the School.
ag29 tf JOHN McKINNEY, *Principal.*

ST. VINCENT'S ACADEMY,

No. 44 SECOND ST., N. Y.

Under the Direction of the Brothers of the Christian Schools.

IN its present new location, this Academy, owing to the labor taken to render everything as perfect as possible, affords all the inducements that can be desired in a Catholic institution.

TERMS—High Class, including the use of Books, per annum.

Preparatory Class, $23 per annum

Music, $10 per annum, payable quarterly in advance.
sep19

1857. 1857.

THE Subscriber begs to inform his friends and the public at large, that he continues to act as Agent for the well known Houses of

TAPSCOTT & CO.,

New York and Liverpool, and through them issue Certificates of Passage for persons coming from the Old Country, by the unequalled Lines of *Liverpool, London and Glasgow Packets.*

Drafts for £1 and upwards payable at sight in all the principal cities and towns in Europe, without discount.

For further information and particulars, apply to P O'CONNOR, Joliet, Illinois.

CHOICE WINES AND LIQUORS for sale by the package at Importer's prices, by P. O'CONNOR.

OHIO AND PRISON WHISKEY for sale by barrel, by P. O'CONNOR.

CITY LOTS AND LAND, for sale by tp6 P. O'CONNOR.

SHIPPING.

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